No. 169
Sept. '74
33230

MAD IND

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SPECIAL COP OUT ISSUE

SERPICOOL AND McCLOD

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: JAN VAN WESSUM

NUMBER 169 SEPTEMBER 1974

MAD

"Summer is the time of year when the Highway Department closes the regular roads and opens the detours!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
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DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—September 1974, Volume 1, No. 169. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1974 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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"A MAD HISTORY OF SEX" Pg. 17

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NIXON COVER-UP!

Yep, it's one more thing you can do with these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid . . . besides lining bird cages and wrapping fish! You can cover up any picture of Nixon you happen to have hanging around! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 (and why anyone would have 81 pictures of Nixon hanging around to cover up beats us!) to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y. N.Y., 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

MY FAIR LADDIE

Regarding "My Fair Laddie", when you do articles on the Women's Liberation Movement, you lose your perspective. As far as I can tell, your publication hasn't presented any valid side of the Women's Movement. There is no mention that a woman is denied credit, underpaid, denied loans, and does not have income considered when a couple applies for a mortgage. How can you deny women are discriminated against? I am a male and my spouse is a feminist. She has retained her maiden name, at *my* suggestion. We share the housework and are both employed. This hasn't made me feel any less of a man or made me think of her as less of a woman. I sincerely hope you will reexamine the Women's Movement and begin presenting their side of the argument.

John J. Murray, Jr.
Dayton, Ohio

Your trite, hackneyed, stereotyped views of the women's movement are bad enough, but do you have to keep repeating them issue after issue?

Antonia Puzerski
Detroit, Mich.

I thought "My Fair Laddie" was really great!!! And to all you male chauvnist pigs . . . POW!

Cheryl Gilbert
New Rochelle, N.Y.

WHAT IS AN INTROVERT?

Thank you, Mr. Koch. It cost me just forty cents to learn what a psychiatrist would have charged a fortune to disclose, mainly, that I am a full-fledged introvert. Unfortunately, I can't buy your magazine any more. Last time I was at a newsstand, I spent three hours letting people get ahead of me in line, and then was arrested for loitering!

Kathy Harms
Riverside, Calif.

Tom Koch's "Introvert" displayed magnificent insight into a character who confronts us all at one time or other. Please don't print this letter. Oh, what the heck! I might as well start being an extrovert.

Kevin Perry
Collinsville, Ill.

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY

You know there's something fishy when . . . you see someone actually laughing while reading MAD!

Chris Durmick
Newark, Dela.

MAD FIRE-BOX COVER

Your smashing red fire-box cover was no cause for alarm!

Andy Serling
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

When I picked up your "In Case Of Worry Break Open This Issue" issue, I had no worries! Then, I read it! Now, I'm worried!

Stanley Sacks
New York, N.Y.

LIGHTER SIDE OF MINOR AILMENTS

Congratulations to Dave Berg for his sickly but great "Lighter Side Of Minor Ailments". I'd praise him more but I have to get some aspirin now to ease my writer's cramp.

Robert Orlowski
Queens, N.Y.

I laughed and laughed and laughed at Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Minor Ailments," until I got a paper cut while turning the page.

Toni Alspaugh
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dave Berg's "Minor Ailments" gave me a bellyache!

Don Striplin
Modesto, Calif.

MAD GAME OF BASEBRAWL

I thought Al Jaffee's "The MAD Game Of Basebrawl" was far-fetched until I turned on my TV, and Cincinnati and Pittsburgh *were* playing basebrawl.

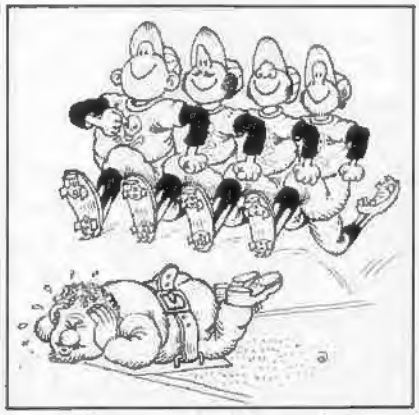
Mark Weber
Lebanon, Ohio

Your explanation of the zappings in "Basebrawl" was about as clear as an explanation of the blue lines in hockey!

Robert May
Louisburg, N.C.

As a tribute to Al Jaffee's revolutionary innovations in the game, he should be feted at home plate. Better still, he should be *fettered to* home plate when bases are loaded and the last man to bat is running out an inside-the-park home run.

Frank Judge
Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan



Jaffee . . . ouch at home plate!

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR SIGN

I $incerely enjoyed Bob Clark'$ and Max Brandel'$ "A MAD Look At The Almighty Dollar $ign." $orry I $ent thi$ letter Po$tage Due, but who ha$ enough $'$ to buy $tamp$?

Chri$ Flei$chman
Liverpool, N.Y.

KARATE MOVIE PRODUCER OF THE YEAR

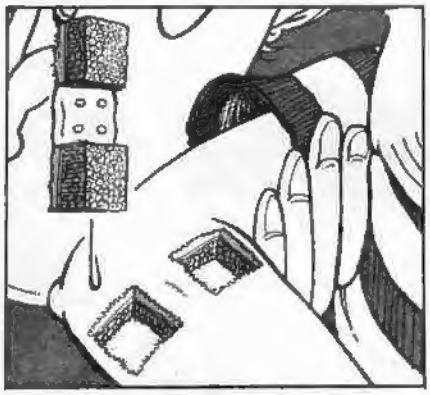
As revealing as Stan Hart's "MAD's 'Karate Movie' Producer Of The Year" turned out to be, at first glance I thought he was describing a typical day in New York City.

Lyra Halprin
Berkeley, Calif.

MARTIN'S BAND-AID BUNGLE

Don Martin's "One Tuesday Afternoon After School" was a real rip off!

David Stucky
Bolivar, Ohio



A Real Rip Off!

BUSSING IN OTHER AREAS

Arnie Kogen left out one thing in his "Bussing In Other Areas For The Purpose Of Social Integration": Bussing the MAD Writers to an "Authors League of America" meeting.

Cindy Zedalis
Los Angeles, Calif.

Can you imagine waking up some morning and reading in the newspaper that little green men are being bussed to Earth and we're being bussed to Mars?

Dayne Riddle
York, Pa.

NIXON SLIPPED HERE

I thought the "Mini-Poster" on the back of your June issue was mean, cruel, downright dirty, and thoughtless. The reason I think that is because I am one of Nixon's fans. Or should I say his *only* fan?

Mike Moorman
Muncie, Ind.

Yep, "Nixon Slipped Here" . . . and it wasn't on Johnson's Wax!

Greg Knapp
New York, N.Y.

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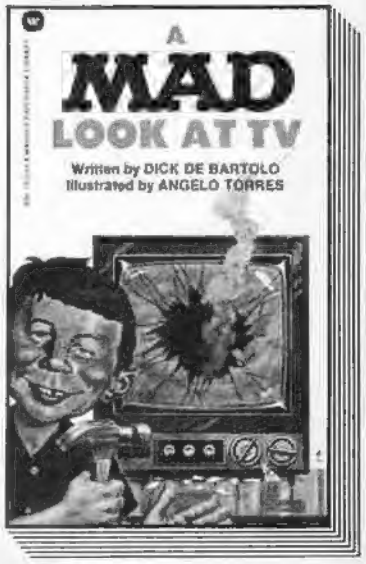

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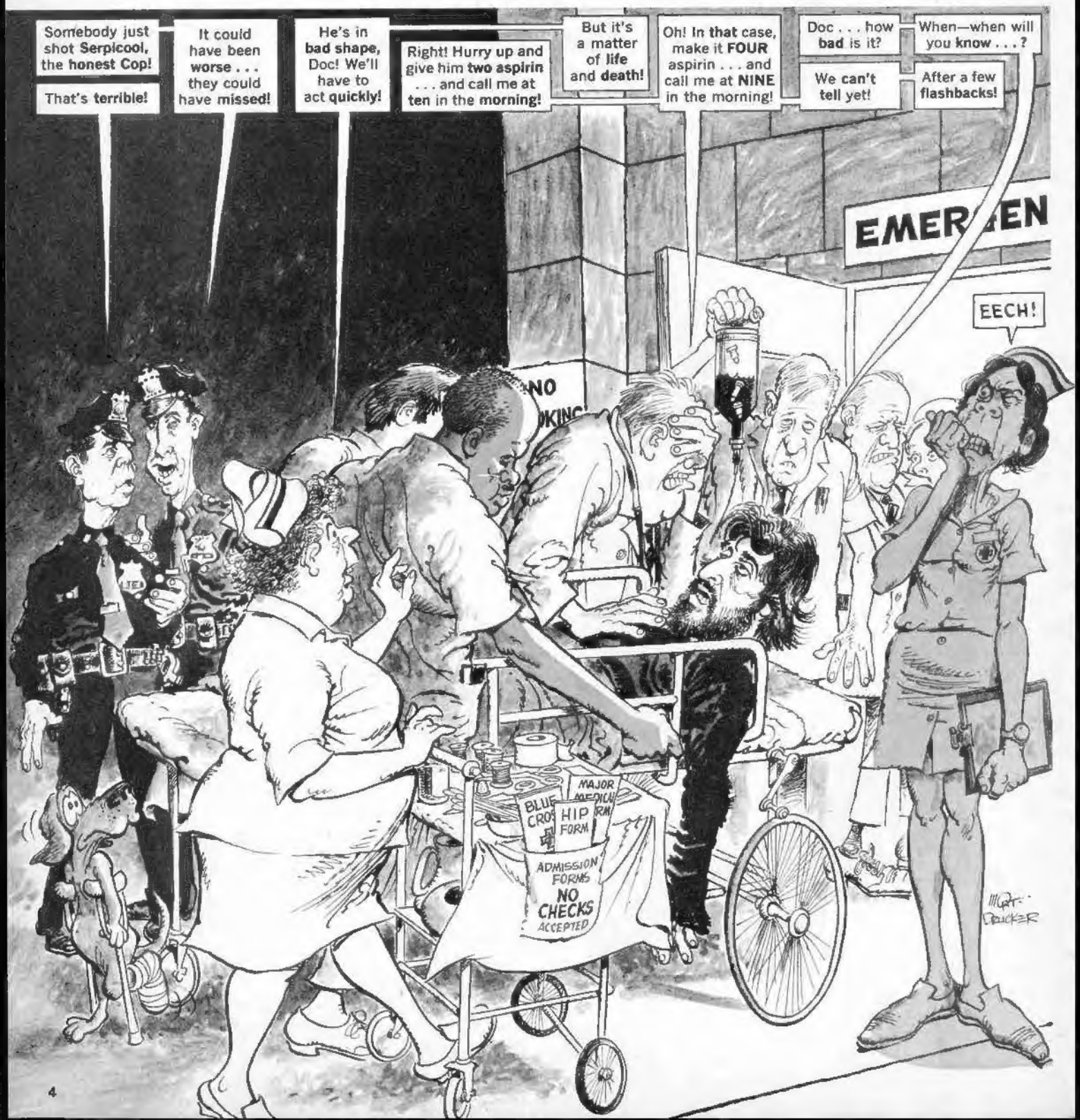
GRAFT DODGER DEPT.

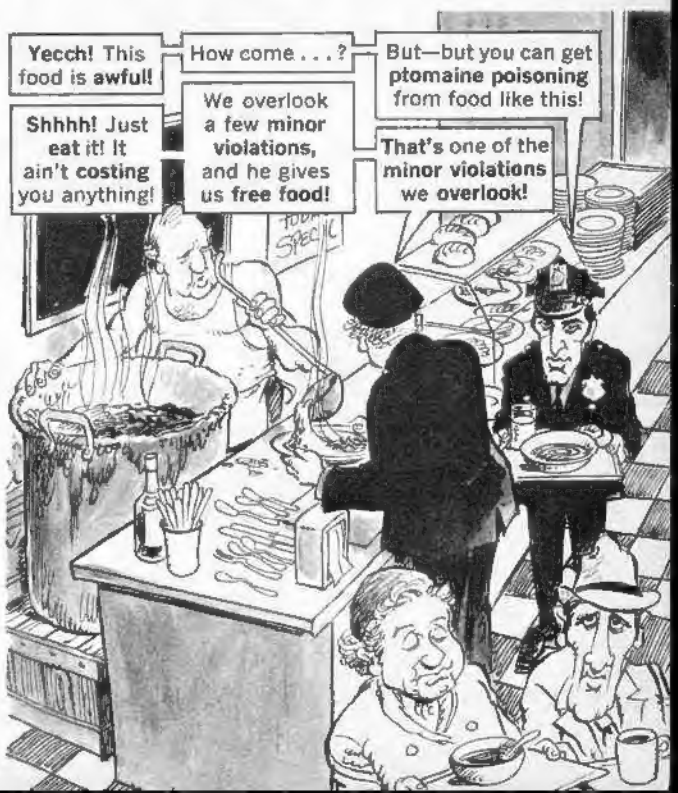
Tired of all those movies that show the Cops heroically struggling against the forces of Crime and Corruption? Well, there's a movie out now that tells it like it really is . . . mainly by showing how the Cops have stopped struggling! All except ONE Cop, that is! Here is MAD's version of one man's battle to bring decency to Police work, while the audience battles to stay awake while he does it! Meet an honest, Hippie-type Cop called:

SER



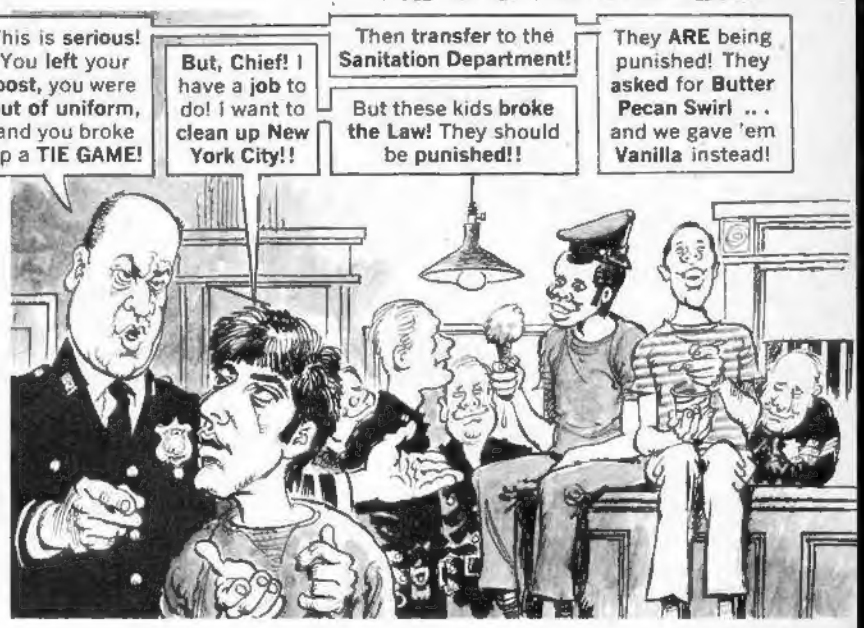
PICOOL

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

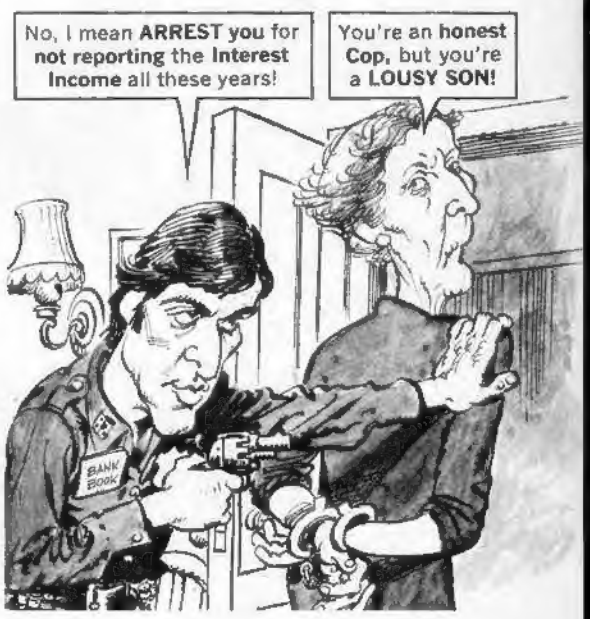


I'm shocked that you accept free food . . . especially with all those DECORATIONS!
That's how I GOT 'em! This one's for eating Christmas Dinner here in '71! This one's for Thanksgiving Dinner in '72! And this one's for—
Calling all cars! Rape in progress at 4th and Grand!
Hey, let's investigate!
Naw! It's not our beat!
How can you say that?!? What kind of a Cop ARE you?!?
The best in the Department! In 20 years of service, I have a perfect record! NO ARRESTS!!
There they are! Let's get 'em!
Aw, forget it! They're just a couple of high-spirited kids!
But don't you see what they're doing to her in that alley?!?
So what?!? At least it keeps 'em off the streets!
I really can't believe this !!
Why? Because I'm such a dedicated, honest Cop??
No, because you're such a lard-tailed, bandy-legged shrimp . . . and you outran a kid built like O. J. Simpson!
Take that, you bum . . . and that . . . and that!
Stop it! This is Police Brutality! That's no way to treat a suspect!
What suspect?! This crumb is a WITNESS!!
I see the two kids who were involved in that rape! I'm gonna make the arrest!
What are you? Some kind of NUT?
I don't understand!
Once you start arresting rapists, the next thing you know you'll be arresting murderers and dopepushers!
Yeah . . . ? So . . . ?
So crime statistics will go up, and you'll fall behind on your important work . . . like giving out tickets for littering and double-parking!
I'm arresting 'em anyway!
Go ahead! See if I care! I'm just a recording!
TELEPHONE
POP-CORN SUPLIES
POP POP POP

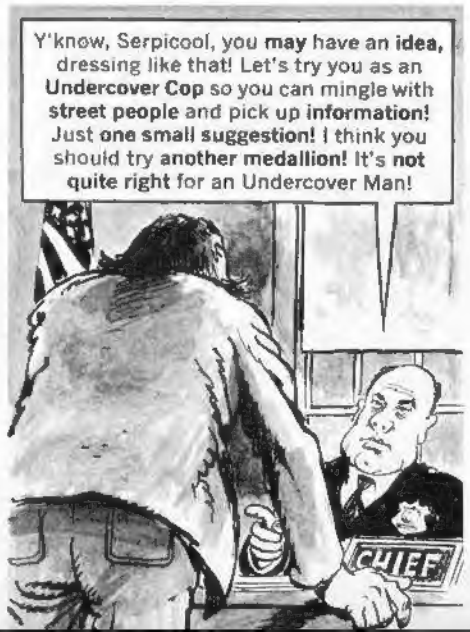
Don't move! Reach for the sky! I'm arresting you two!
Okay! Okay! I'll confess! I did it! I double-dribbled!
Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I swear it! I'll never violate the three-second rule again!
That's the toughest Referee we EVER had!


This is serious! You left your post, you were out of uniform, and you broke up a TIE GAME!
But, Chief! I have a job to do! I want to clean up New York City!!
Then transfer to the Sanitation Department!
But these kids broke the Law! They should be punished!!
They ARE being punished! They asked for Butter Pecan Swirl . . . and we gave 'em Vanilla instead!

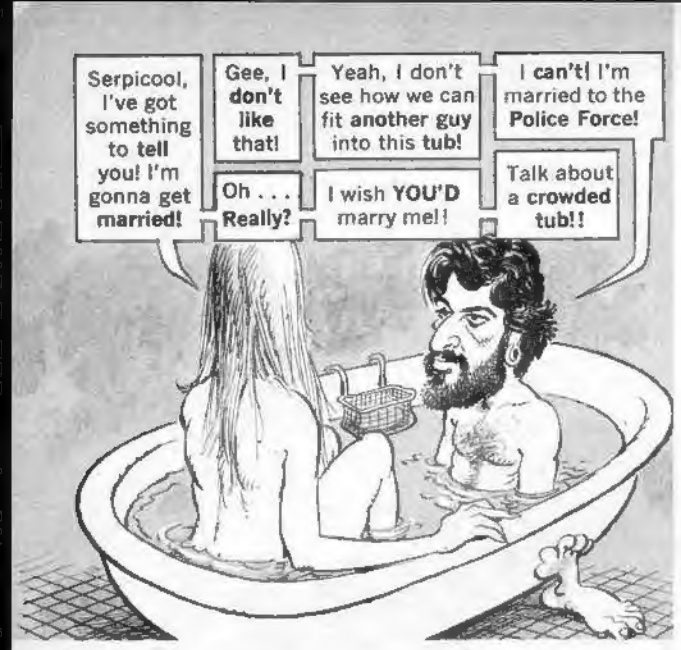
Mama, it's tough being an honest Cop, but nothing is gonna stop me from doing my duty!
I'm-a so proud of you, Sonny! I want you to have this money!
Gosh, Mom! Where did you get it?
I saved it since you were a baby!
Gee, Mama, I hate to do this . . .
You mean, take-a the money . . . ?
BANK BOOK
82

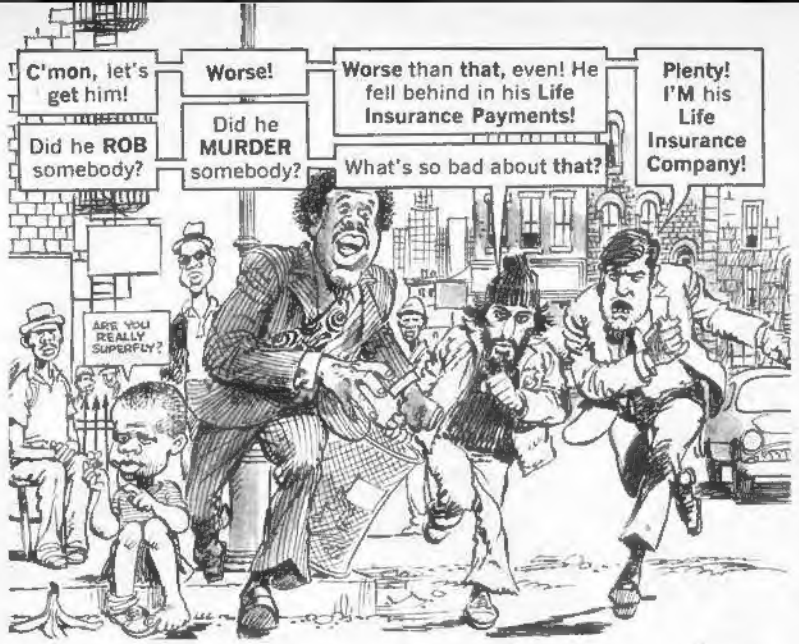

No, I mean ARREST you for not reporting the Interest Income all these years!
You're an honest Cop, but you're a LOUSY SON!
BANK BOOK

You're kidding me, huh? I mean—are you really a Cop?
Yep! I'm the most HONEST Cop on the Force! I do everything by the book!
Aw, c'mon! I don't believe you . . . !
Well, I'll prove it! I'm arresting you for violation of Section 43B, Rule 22, Part 6!
What's that?
Resisting an Officer!

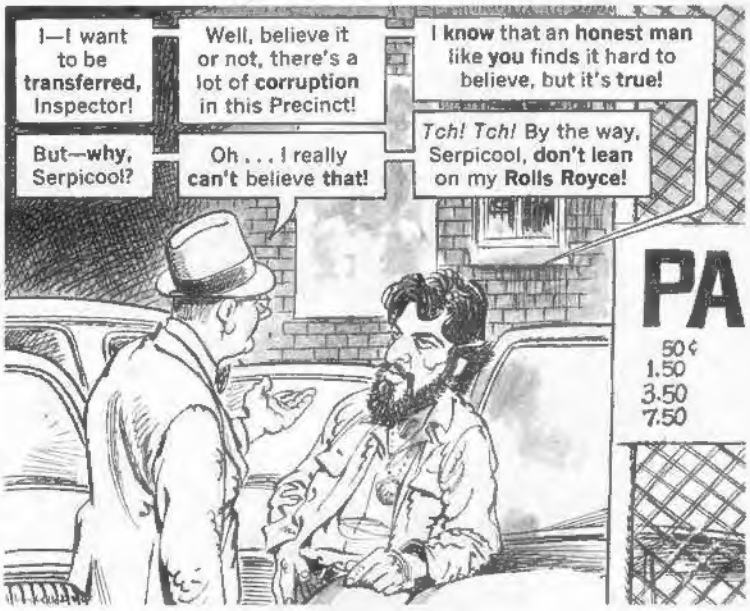

Y'know, Serpicool, you may have an idea, dressing like that! Let's try you as an Undercover Cop so you can mingle with street people and pick up information! Just one small suggestion! I think you should try another medallion! It's not quite right for an Undercover Man!
CHIEF

But it sets off my earring so WELL!

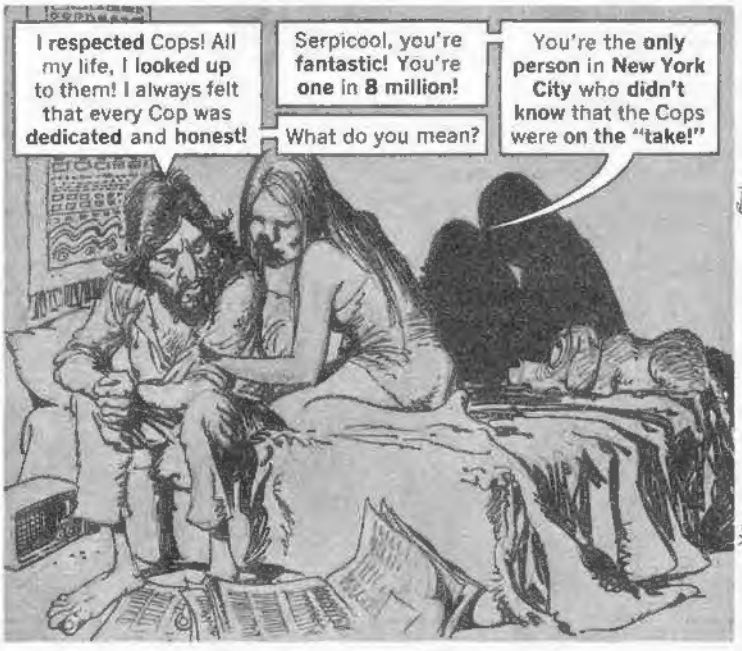

Serpicool, I've got something to tell you! I'm gonna get married!
Gee, I don't like that!
Yeah, I don't see how we can fit another guy into this tub!
I can't! I'm married to the Police Force!
Oh . . . Really?
I wish YOU'D marry me!!
Talk about a crowded tub!!


C'mon, let's get him!
Worse!
Worse than that, even! He fell behind in his Life Insurance Payments!
Plenty! I'M his Life Insurance Company!
Did he ROB somebody?
Did he MURDER somebody?
What's so bad about that?
ARE YOU REALLY SUPERFLY?

Okay, wise guy! What do you say now?!?
I say . . . when you listen closely, you can hear the roar of the ocean!
I've heard of employees having to wash their hands before leaving, but this is ridiculous!


I—I want to be transferred, Inspector!
Well, believe it or not, there's a lot of corruption in this Precinct!
I know that an honest man like you finds it hard to believe, but it's true!
But—why, Serpicool?
Oh . . . I really can't believe that!
Tch! Tch! By the way, Serpicool, don't lean on my Rolls Royce!
PA
50¢
1.50
3.50
7.50

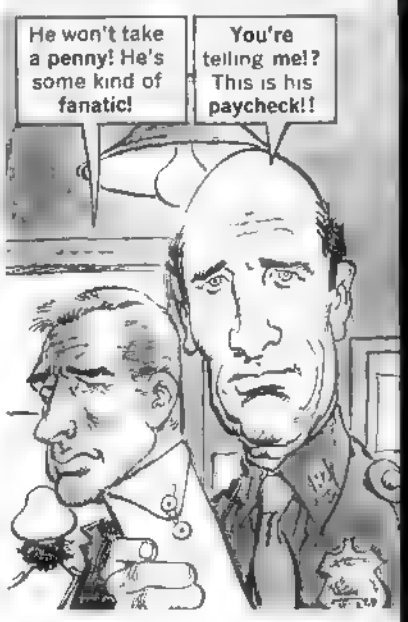
Inspector, how can you afford a car like that on your salary?
We only have meat one time a week!
Oh, yeah! I see!
You do?!? Serpicool, you're an honest Cop, but you're an economic nitwit!
PA
75¢
3.50
7.50
18.50


I respected Cops! All my life, I looked up to them! I always felt that every Cop was dedicated and honest!
Serpicool, you're fantastic! You're one in 8 million!
What do you mean?
You're the only person in New York City who didn't know that the Cops were on the "take!"

This is for you from Sal, the Bookmaker . . .
I won't take it!

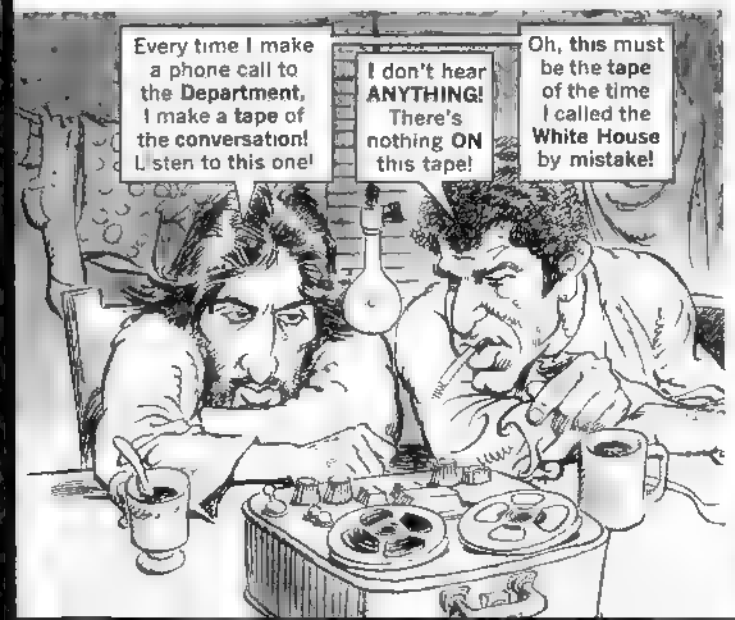
This is for you from Nick, the Pusher . . .
No! I will not take it!

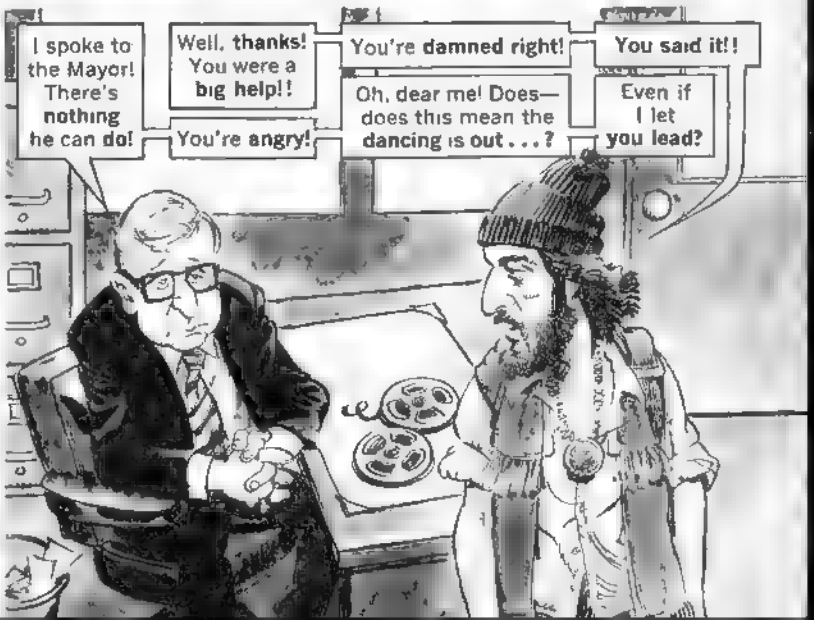
Hey, Serpicool! This is for you . . .
No! No! No! I absolutely refuse to touch that money!


He won't take a penny! He's some kind of fanatic!
You're telling me!? This is his paycheck!!

Serpicool, do you really think anyone would fall for that disguise and believe you're a Rabbi?
Doing what?
Three Bar Mitzvahs, a Wedding, and five Circumcisions!
C'mon! I'm taking you to the Mayor's Office! I've got a friend down there who can help you crack down on Police Department graft and corruption!
Hey, don't hassle me! I've had a busy day!

. . . and those are the facts that I have!
Okay, what do we do first?
I mean about graft and corruption!!
Delicious! Simply marvy! Groovy-poo!
Well, first I pick you up about eight-ish, we have a little din-din, then we dance the night away, and watch the sun come up . . .
Tut-tut! All work—no play—makes Jack a dull boy!


Every time I make a phone call to the Department, I make a tape of the conversation! Listen to this one!
I don't hear ANYTHING! There's nothing ON this tape!
Oh, this must be the tape of the time I called the White House by mistake!


I spoke to the Mayor! There's nothing he can do!
Well, thanks! You were a big help!!
You're angry!
You're damned right!
Oh, dear me! Does—does this mean the dancing is out . . . ?
You said it!!
Even if I let you lead?

They all know I've been to the Commissioner about the pay-offs, and I think they're out to get me!

What makes you think so . . . ?

That . . . !!

17 16 15

FIRING RANGE

I see what you mean . . .

16

15

You're ruining the image of the Police Department, Serpicool!

That's what I mean! We're transferring you! You're going to walk a beat in Coney Island!

But, Commissioner! I'm an honest Cop!

Coney Island . . . ?!?

That's not bad! After all, it's Summer, and you'll only be a few hundreds yards from the Beach!!

Well . . . he was right!

The Beach IS only a few hundreds yards away!

Serpicool, you go upstairs and case the joint! Then we'll bust in on the pushers!

Hold it! You better put on this VEST!

You think it will help me?

No! But it'll help US!!

You shot him! You know what they do to Cop-Killers!?

He ain't dead! Besides . . . the bullet didn't do much damage!!

How do you know?

'Cause it lodged in his BRAIN!

Well, Serpicool, you've earned this! We're giving you a Detective's gold shield !
But . . . But I thought all you higher-ups were MAD at me!
Nonsense! That's why I've come down here . . . to pin the badge on you myself . . .
. . . right through your HEART!!
Imagine! They form a Knapp Commission, set up these hearings, bring in all these TV Camera and News Reporters, and now there's all this hullabaloo— all because of one, lone, honest Cop!!
Freaks of Nature ALWAYS command a crowd!
Tell us, Officer Serpicool . . . when you first discovered it, why didn't you bring the matter of Police Corruption to the attention of your Superiors?
I got the feeling it would do no good!
And what gave you that feeling . . . ?
They refused to grant me an interview . . . unless I paid them off first!
Well . . . I got shot in the head . . . two girls left me . . . and I can't talk or walk straight! But, it was all worth it!
And they call ME a dumb animal!
That's him! Run him down!
MOBIL GUIDE TO SINNER LAND
HEY!! Why'd you do that?!?
Because you tried to give the Cops a bad name!!
And you don't like that . . . ?
No! Giving the Cops a bad name is DIRTY HARRY's job!

ADD-VERTISING DEPT.

Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence are added to trains, buses, buildings, billboards and any other available public surface. We at

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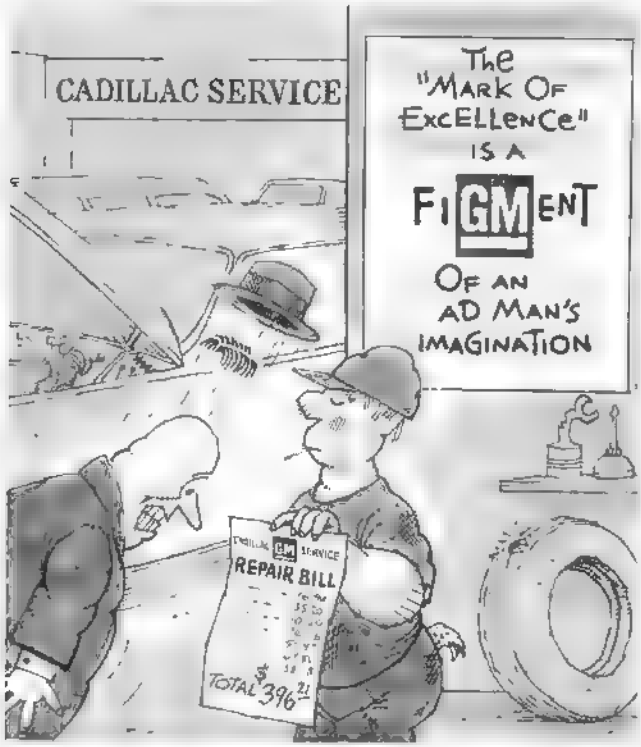
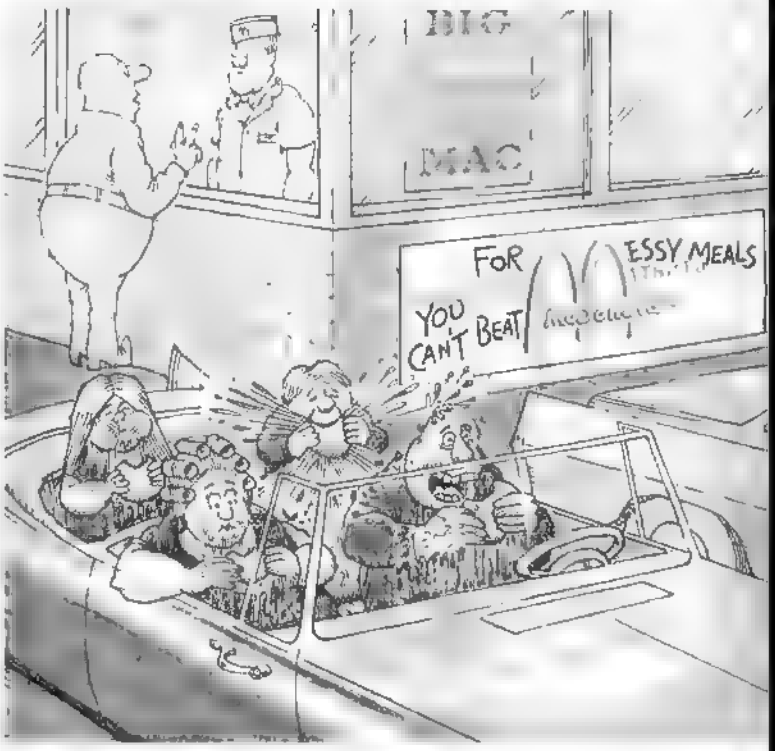
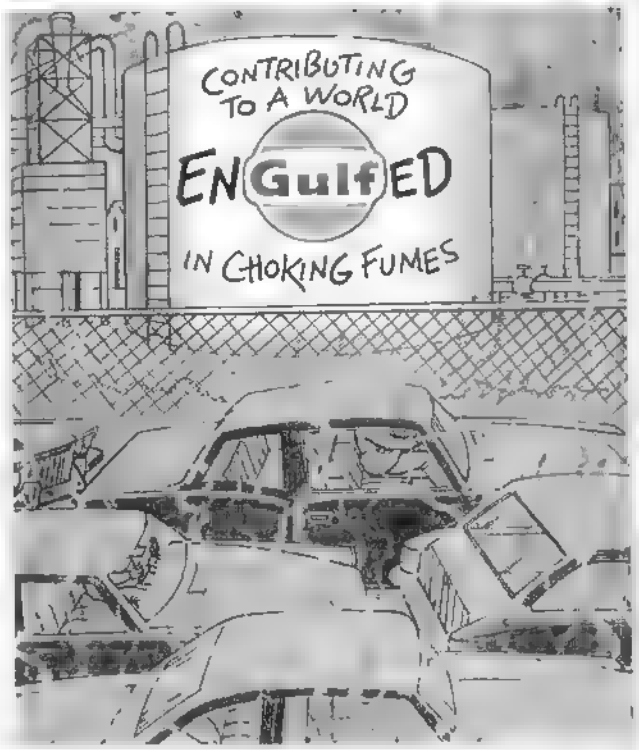




MAD shudder to think what might happen if those Graffiti Rascals ever started attacking that holy of holies, the Corporate Signature. Here are some of the horrors (heh-heh!) that could occur with

GRAFFITI

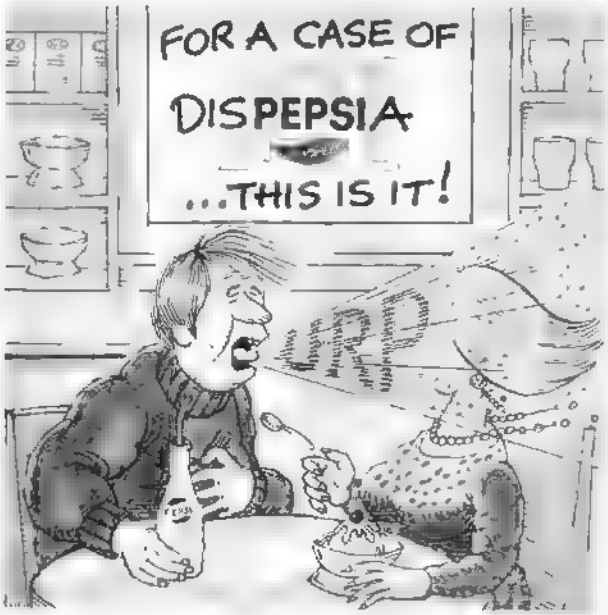
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE



IN A
CROWDED PLACE,
IT'S BRUTAL

AN IRRESISTIBLE
TEMPTATION TO
STATUS-SEEKING
SOCIAL CLIMBERS
M.D.

HAM&EGGS 95¢
DRY CEREAL, MILK AND FRUIT 75¢
A COMPost HEAP HAS MORE NUTRITIONAL VALUE.
NO-NO-NO
YES YES YES


FOR A CASE OF
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will this magazine help!

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This machine makes
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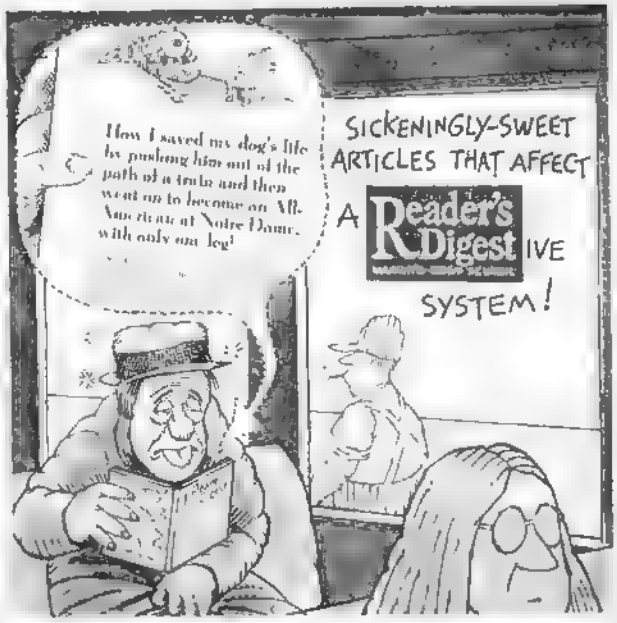
It's Only
Ad VANTAGE
is... it helps keep Down the Population Explosion!
1943 - 1973


How I saved my dog's life by pushing him out of the path of a train and then went on to become an All-American at Notre Dame, with only one leg!
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WHEN YOU FIND OUT IT'S NO MORE EFFECTIVE THAN ANY OTHER PRODUCT!

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(AND SO DOES THE APPLIANCE)

Bring back a Car we can af
Model "T" $495.00

Cheap Gift S&H Green Stamps High Prices
Is what
Are All About!

Alfred's Poor ALMANAC

JUNE

FRI 28	Six-year-old Bobby Yulvey found reading "The Exorcist," gets the devil beaten out of him, 1973. OUCH!
SUN 30	Whenever there's a gathering of transvestites you can bet it's going to be a big drag.
THURS 27	MAD #169 goes on sale. Publisher is convinced it will sell like hotcakes.
SAT 29	Surgeon Byron Furb removes half of patient's intestine, invents the semi-colon, 1940.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

JULY

MON 1	Producer Max Merrick reveals plans for first surrealistic musical, "Hello, Dali!" 1965.
WED 3	Mao Tse-tung answers charges of illegal campaign fund, delivers famous Chinese Checkers speech, 1952.
FRI 5	Astronomer Howard Grepps ponders size of Galaxy, decides instead to buy a Pinto, 1972.
SUN 7	The Ice Age began exactly 8,191 years ago today, that is if you allow for a margin for era.
TUES 9	O.J. Simpson's birthday. Team offers to throw a party if owner will pay the Bills.
THURS 11	Don't ask a mutual-fund salesman questions unless you are prepared for the usual stock answers. WAIT UNTIL IT PAYS TO SELL
SAT 13	Farmer Ezra Muldoon plowed under by his wife, finds that it is a harrowing experience, 1934.
MON 15	Motorist Milo Freebish sucked into gas-tank of car, ends up exhausted, 1933. MIDAS
WED 17	Happy Polish New Year!
FRI 19	American Reincarnation Society to hold annual Come-As-You-Were Party, Jerome, Arizona.
SUN 21	Minton Klinger robs Dr. Scholl factory, becomes world's first arch criminal, 1922.
TUES 23	Sun leaves Leo, moon leaves Virgo, Harry Mishkin leaves wife for belly-dancer in Chicago.
THURS 25	A survey of Volkswagen owners shows that most drivers consider them quite passable.
SAT 27	Humorist Gordon Waxwood travels to India for material, comes up with the Sikh joke, 1955.
MON 29	Dairyman Foster Fleen feeds icecubes to prize cow, develops instant cold cream, 1953.
WED 31	Jewel thief Roscoe Croom sells gems to friends on block, proving good neighbors make good fences, 1921.
TUES 2	Photographer Irving Schmill misbehaves in dark-room, charged with indecent exposure, 1967. CENSORED
THURS 4	Murray Applebaum puts his John Hancock on his Declaration of Independence, leaves his wife, 1968. HIS MARK
SAT 6	Vacationer Waldo Schwab can't get hotel room in Bermuda, takes Miami Beach as last resort, 1950 NO VACANCIES
MON 8	Steve Lawrence's birthday. Wife to take him out for an expensive Gormé dinner. EDIE'S JOINT BAR BILL
WED 10	Tree surgeon Elmo Smedley expands his business, opens branch office, 1878. DO'S OFFICE
FRI 12	Grocer Ira Entwhistle orders too many cases of herbs, winds up with thyme on his hands, 1948. SPECIAL ON DAYLIGHT SAVING RHYME
SUN 14	Gerald Ford's birthday. Chums in Congress throw cocktail party with drinks on the House. V.P.
TUES 16	Grover Swink delivers porno mags on bicycle, becomes first smut pedaler, 1970.
THURS 18	A Spanish yes-man has the ability to sí his way through any problem.
— 20	See August 9th.
MON 22	U.S. investigates price-fixing among cement companies, demands some concrete answers, 1948. PUTTY PUTTY
WED 24	L.A. Rams trade center and fullback for Right Guard; locker room still smells, 1969. PASSED
FRI 26	Vegetable farmer Uriah Birnbaum develops a dwarf-sized potato for small fries, 1930.
SUN 28	Jackie Onassis's birthday. Don't buy her an antique as she already possesses an ancient ruin.
TUES 30	Vampire Zoltan Sandar breaks engagement with his sweetheart, says she's not his type, 1946.

AUGUST

THURS 1	Paris streetwalkers raise rates, blame it on high cost of loving, 1973. LOVE A CHARGE CARD
SAT 3	"Nixon To Remain In Office" according to an unimpeachable source.
MON 5	Lady Godiva cancels ride because of cold weather, says she can't bare it, 1040.
WED 7	Russian farmer who doesn't take care of his land better watch his steppe.
FRI 9	You can be talked into anything, can't you!
SUN 11	Congress will reconvene today, figuring that country has had enough of gas shortage.
TUES 13	Death-row murderer Enos Snill eats last meal of hot fudge sundae & lemon pie, gets just desserts, 1935.
FRI 2	Feline section of Bronx Zoo forced to close after wildcat walkout, 1966. UNFAIR
SUN 4	Dope addict Wembley Quirm swallows stash of heroin, gets the horselaugh, 1971.
TUES 6	Lucille Ball's birthday. To be rerun August 8th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 22nd and 28th I LOVE LUCY HATE
THURS 8	Spanish-American War veteran Brad Culp falls in sewer, swims to safety when he remembers the main, 1903.
SAT 10	Deep-sea diver Renfrew Zwick forced to quit job after pulling a mussel, 1952. CLUB CLUB
MON 12	Toads don't cause warts, people do!
WED 14	MAD #169 goes off sale. Publisher burns Aunt Jemima in effigy. EFFIGY, FIG. POR 305

NOWADAYS, more than ever, Mankind seems to be preoccupied with Sex. But we all know that as wonderful as Sex can be, it can also lead to a lot of problems and all kinds of trouble. It is MAD's opinion that the best way to solve these problems and keep people out of trouble is through education. We feel that a good deal more should be written about Sex. We think more people should read about it, and everyone should discuss it more, out in the open. Why do we feel this way? Because the more time people spend writing about Sex, and reading about it, and discussing it, the less time they'll have to *engage in* Sex! And who needs problems?

How did Sex start? What are its mysteries? How did Sexual Attitudes really evolve? How can Sexual Activity affect civilization as we know it today? Frankly we haven't the slightest idea. Then why did we write this article? For a very simple reason. We just want to keep you out of trouble for the next five minutes. (Note: To those of you who are reading this article *while* you engage in Sex, you're in trouble already! And frankly *we* should have your problems!) Anyway we will now explore this intriguing subject from its very beginnings until the present time in

A MAD HISTORY OF SEX

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER 1—HOW SEX BEGAN

IN THE beginning, after He created heaven and earth and the seas and the mountains and the animals, God created man in His own image, and he named him Adam.

Adam enjoyed himself for a while running around the Garden of Eden. But one day he became lonely. "God," he said, "there must be more to life than chasing frogs and chewing on rocks. I need a companion."

"A companion?" said God. "You got it."

And so from one of Adam's ribs God created a companion for him. "Do you know who this is?" asked God.

"Let me guess," said Adam. "You made the world's first spare rib."

God gave him a rim shot and then said, "No, dummy, this is a woman. I'll call her Bernice. Adam and Bernice. How does that sound?"

"A little too Jewish, I think," said Adam.

"At this point," said God, "who cares?"

But to avoid an argument, God named the first woman Eve.

"Now," said God, "I am going to leave you two alone and I want you to do what comes naturally."

This is Adam, whom God created in His own image. Actually God looked much better in person, but He didn't own a good mirror.

This is Eve, who was created from Adam's rib. This gave him an awful pain in the side. Later she gave him an awful pain in the neck, but that's another tale.

The following morning God said to Adam, "Well, what happened last night?"

"What do you expect to happen," said Adam smugly, "when a normal, healthy man and woman run through a forest naked?"

"You mean . . . ?" said God.

"Right," said Adam. "We chased frogs and we chewed on rocks. But we did it *together.*"

"Hold it, Adam," said God, "there are a few things you don't understand." And then God told Adam about the birds and the bees.

The next morning God once again asked Adam how things went the previous night.

"Thanks to you, fantastic!" said Adam.

God smiled. "Tell me about it."

"Well, said Adam, "the moon was out, it was a beautiful night. We sat down on the grass and then . . ."

"And then what?," asked God with great anticipation.

"We chased birds and chewed on bees," said Adam proudly.

"Look," said God patiently, "Man needs love, devotion Something to occupy his every waking hour. I am now going to create something to give you fulfillment, something you must have to make life worth living."

"Hey, Eve!" cried Adam, all excited. "Did you hear that? God is going to invent Television!"

But instead God invented Sex, the most wonderful, most exciting, most gratifying thing the world was to know. And Sex grew and it blossomed and it flourished. And it was the all-consuming passion of humanity. Until 1948 when Television took over.

CHAPTER 2—SEX DURING THE STONE AGE

(See Chapter 36–
HOW TO AROUSE A 25-YEAR-OLD SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE)

CHAPTER 3—SEX IN THE HOLY LAND

AFTER THE DAYS of Adam and Eve, Sex became very popular all over the Holy Land and as a result of it, babies were born and the world grew. People were very happy with this new phenomenon. It was something both rich and poor could participate in, it was fun, it was easy to do, and everyone more or less understood how and why it worked the way it did. And then, one day, some Prophet came down off a mountain with a couple of stone tablets, and ruined the whole thing.

CHAPTER 4—SEX IN ANCIENT ROME

IF SEX had a temporary setback in the Holy Land, no such problems existed in ancient Rome. Not only did they have a field day there, but the Romans brought many innovations to the practice, chief of which was Group Sex. This phenomenon was carried on into the present day and is discussed more fully in Chapter 31—TWENTIETH CENTURY FUN AND GAMES.

Here you see ancient Romans in a wild bacchanal of booze, lust, sex, and degradation. To historians, this is known as a Roman orgy. To 20th Century teenagers, this is known as a Dull High School Dance

Here are some other nice innovations the ancient Romans were responsible for: (1) The Ear-Lobe Bite, (2) Heavy Petting, (3) The Neck Hickey, (4) Advanced Making Out, (5) More Advanced Making Out, (6) Incredible Making Out, and (7) Roman Numerals. (Note: It's true that Roman Numerals have nothing to do with Sex, but they *are* nice).

In addition the Romans created the world's first Birth Control Device. It was known as "Throwing Christians to the Lions." But while this device worked wonders in cutting down the Christian population, it did occasionally cause troublesome side effects. Namely, very fat lions.

One of the most famous figures in ancient Rome was Julius Caesar, who practiced Sex with an Egyptian beauty named Cleopatra. She later met Caesar's best friend, Marc Antony, and she practiced Sex with him too. There was so much practicing you'd figure that sooner or later they'd get it right. And they did. Anyway it all finally wound up with Antony and Cleopatra taking a boat ride down the Nile. Since this is a frank, open, no-punches-pulled article on Sex, exactly what happened between Antony and Cleopatra on the boat ride, you may ask.

Don't ask!

Caesar eventually went on to become a famous statesman, Antony went on to become a great general, and Cleopatra went on to become a rotten movie.

CHAPTER 5—SEX DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

SEX DURING THE MIDDLE AGES can be summed up as follows: Once a month and don't strain yourself. (See Chapter 42—BAD TWENTIETH CENTURY SEX JOKES. Or better yet, don't see it!)

But seriously, fellow scholars, the Middle Ages was an extraordinary period in the history of Sex. Gone was the wild, sick, degrading Sexual Activity of ancient Rome. In its place were gallant knights who treated ladies with honor, respect, and devotion. There is a name for this era: The Age of Chivalry. There is another name for it: The Age of Boredom.

Sex in the Middle Ages was a beautiful experience that was both uplifting and poetic. On their wedding night, the knight would take the lady in his arms, whisper softly in her ear, gently hold her closer, kiss her tenderly, and then in a fit of extreme passion, he would run out and kill a dragon.

But being very proper people, the Establishment in the Middle Ages frowned on Pre-marital Sex, and unmarried knights seldom went all the way. So usually in the case of engaged couples,.the knight would go out and merely *wound* a dragon. And of course in the case of inexperienced teenagers who were just getting their feet wet in Sex, the young knight would go out and yell at a dragon. History tells us, however, that not all knights found pleasure in slaying dragons. To them, destroying a poor, ugly beast was cruel and offered no sexual gratification. So they elevated Sex to its highest level in the Middle Ages.They went on crusades and killed thousands of heathens and other people. But more about religion later.

Toward the latter part of the period some men and women began to take an interest in the traditional approach to Sex, often with unexpected results. Illustrated below is the history of one such case.

This is a young married couple, Sir Monty and his bride, Lady Celia.

Anxious to make out with her husband, Lady Celia first struggles to remove his sollerets (or wrought iron shoes).

A half hour later, still in a great passion, the lady strains to remove his gauntlets (or armored gloves.)

An hour later, still burning with passion, she struggles to remove his breast plate.

Three hours later, her passion undiminished, the lady struggles to remove his helmet, etc.

The next morning, still fighting to take off his helmet and visor, her passion at a fever pitch, she makes one valiant tug, and then makes an important discovery . . .

Namely, for the past 5 years she has been married to a suit of armor.

CHAPTER 6—SEX IN THE NEW WORLD

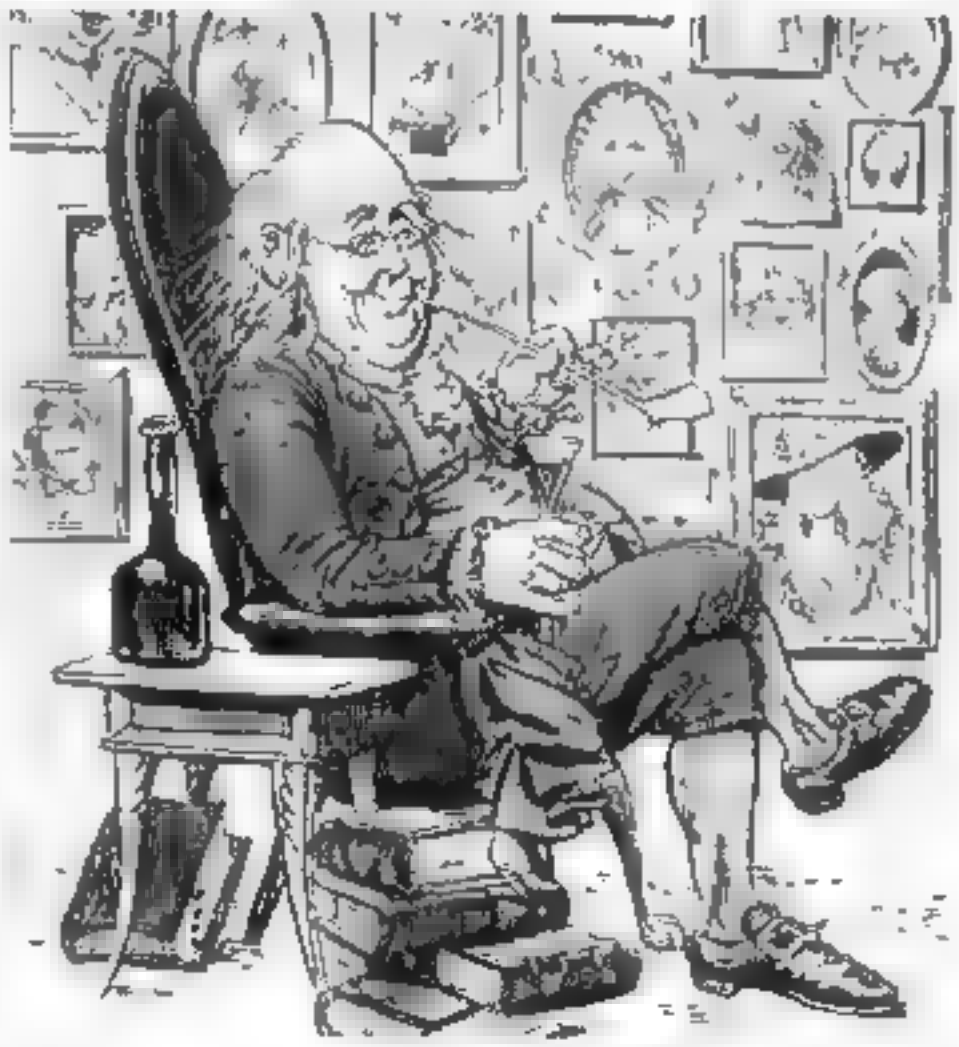
IN THE 17th CENTURY a group of devout Pilgrims, who were persecuted because of their religion, set sail aboard the Mayflower for the New World and religious freedom. It was a very rough crossing, and the Pilgrims found engaging in Sex on the boat to be a harrowing experience. Many of them threw up continuously and were sick for weeks But since this was the way they also reacted to Sex on *land*, it was no big problem for them.

Once they arrived in the New World, the Pilgrims were delighted. Not only were they able to worship God as they pleased, but they were able to make everybody else worship God as the Pilgrims pleased—or else. They were also able to kill Indians and burn people as witches, and democracy as we know it today was born.

One of the most famous Sexual Incidents in those days involved an Army Officer named Miles Standish, who was in love with a girl named Priscilla. But since he was too shy to speak to her, he sent his friend, John Alden, to tell her that Standish would like to make out with her. As it turned out, Alden not only made out with her himself, but he married her. But being the noble man that he was, Standish blessed the marriage, and from then on, was known throughout the annals of Pilgrim history as "An Officer and a Gentleman . . . and a Schmuck."

CHAPTER 7—SEX DURING REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

SEX THRIVED and flourished in the New World all the way through the Revolutionary War and the founding of this country. Perhaps the greatest Sexual Figure in Revolutionary times was also known as "The Father of Our Country". His name was Benjamin Franklin. We realize some people think that George Washington was the father of our country, and you may say, "You don't know your history." All we can say is, "You don't know your Benjamin Franklin!"



This is Benjamin Franklin, the greatest swinger in early U.S. history. For those who wonder how a fat, pudgy man with glasses can be such a fantastic American Sex Symbol, see Chpt. 44—HERE COMES HENRY KISSINGER, HE'S A CRAZY GUY

CHAPTER 8—SEX DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA

There was no Sex during the Victorian era.

This is Queen Victoria. Now you know why.

CHAPTER 9—SEX TODAY

WHICH BRINGS us up to the present. And somewhere up in heaven Adam is saying, "Oh, God!"

And God says, "Did you want Me, Adam?"

And Adam says, "No, I was just looking down on Earth. Do you see what's going? Oh, God!"

And God looks down and He says, "Oh, Me!"

And Adam says, "Do you see all that carrying on? Those wonton men? And those wicked women who sell their bodies for money? What do you call them again?"

"Suburban Housewives," says God sadly.

"And those movies," says Adam. "I just saw one down there I couldn't believe. And it was rated GP. What does GP stand for?"

"God Protests," says God. "Oh, Adam, I meant well when I started this whole thing. Where did I go wrong?"

"Don't be so hard on Yourself," says Adam.

"But what should I do?" asks God. "I must teach them a lesson."

"I have it," says Adam. "Why don't you do what you once did in Egypt? Go into every home and slay the first-born."

"I thought of that," says God, "but it won't work. Where are you going to find a house nowadays where the first born *lives* at home? On top of which, you kill some of those kids, you won't be punishing the parents, you'll be doing them a favor."

"Well, then how about another one of your famous plagues?", says Adam. "They worked great in Egypt."

"I'm one step ahead of you," says God. "I sent down some locusts last Wednesday. They all died in the pollution. Except twelve, and they were mugged by mosquitoes."

Whereupon Adam gave God a rim shot, and then he said, "I got it. Why not do the Noah's Ark bit again? You get some pure, clean people. You know, the Nixons, Billy Graham, the King Family, and like that. You put them all on a boat with beasts of the field. Then you make forty days of torrential rain, you drown the rest of the world, and you start all over again."

"Hmm," thinks God, "Richard's Ark. Not a bad idea. No, no, it won't work. All of those people alone on a boat for forty days with all those animals. God only knows what could happen nowadays. And I do. So I won't."

"Well then," says Adam, "I guess all we can do now is pray."

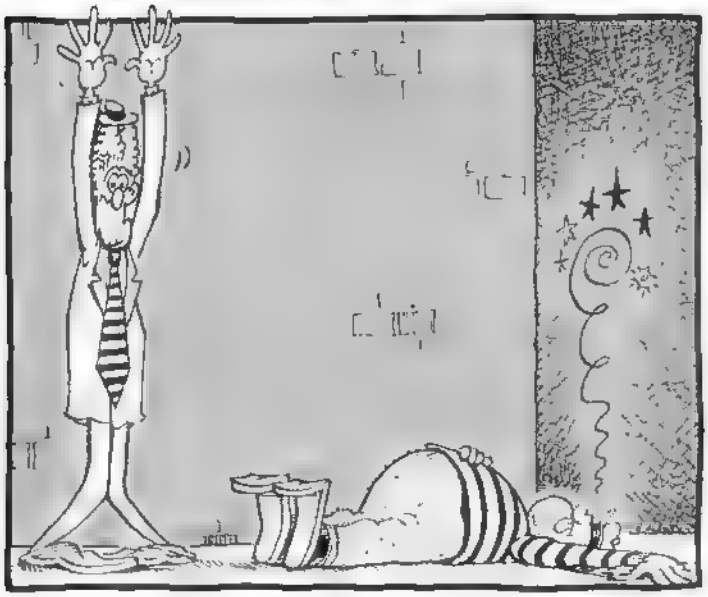
"That's easy for *you* to say," says God.

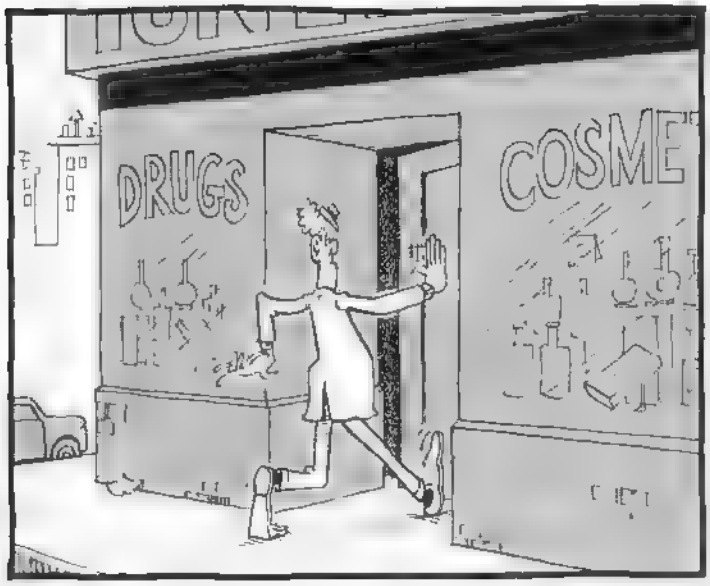
CHAPTER 10—SEX TONIGHT

Please. Not tonight. I have a headache.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY IN THE CITY





Nothing to see here!

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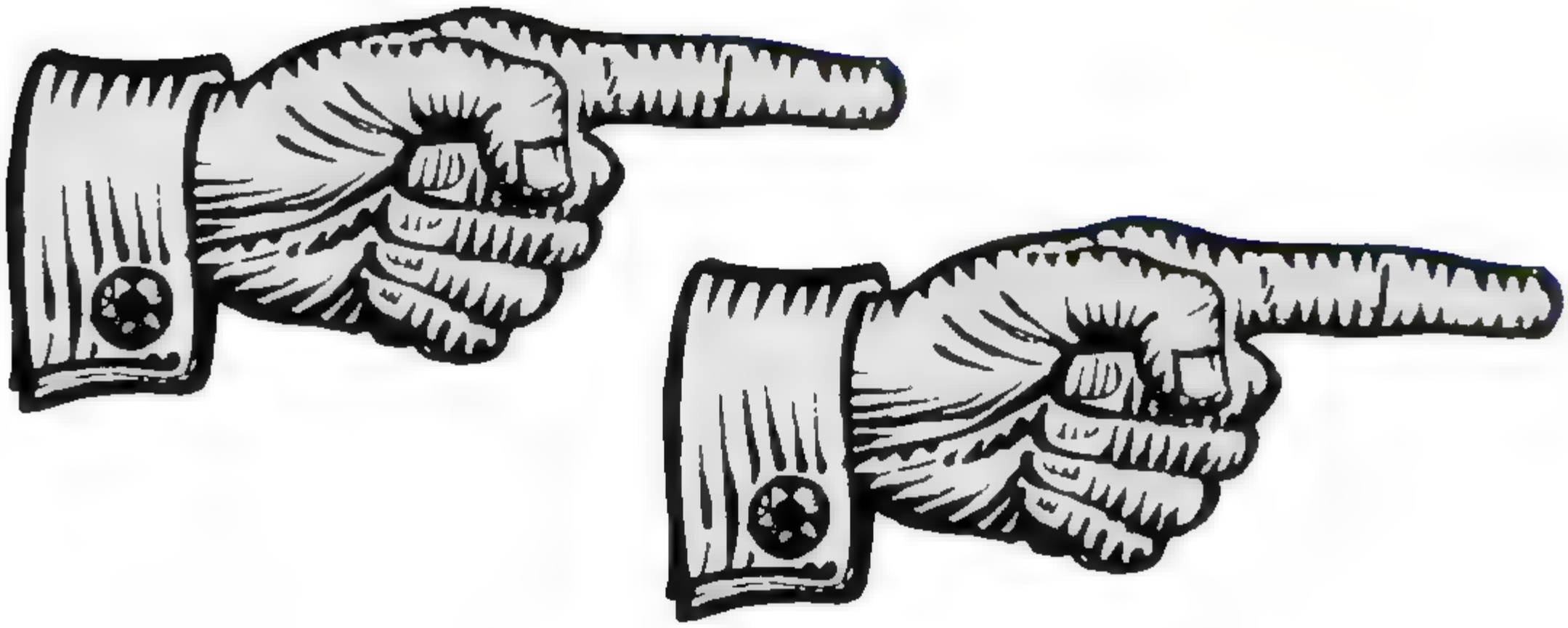
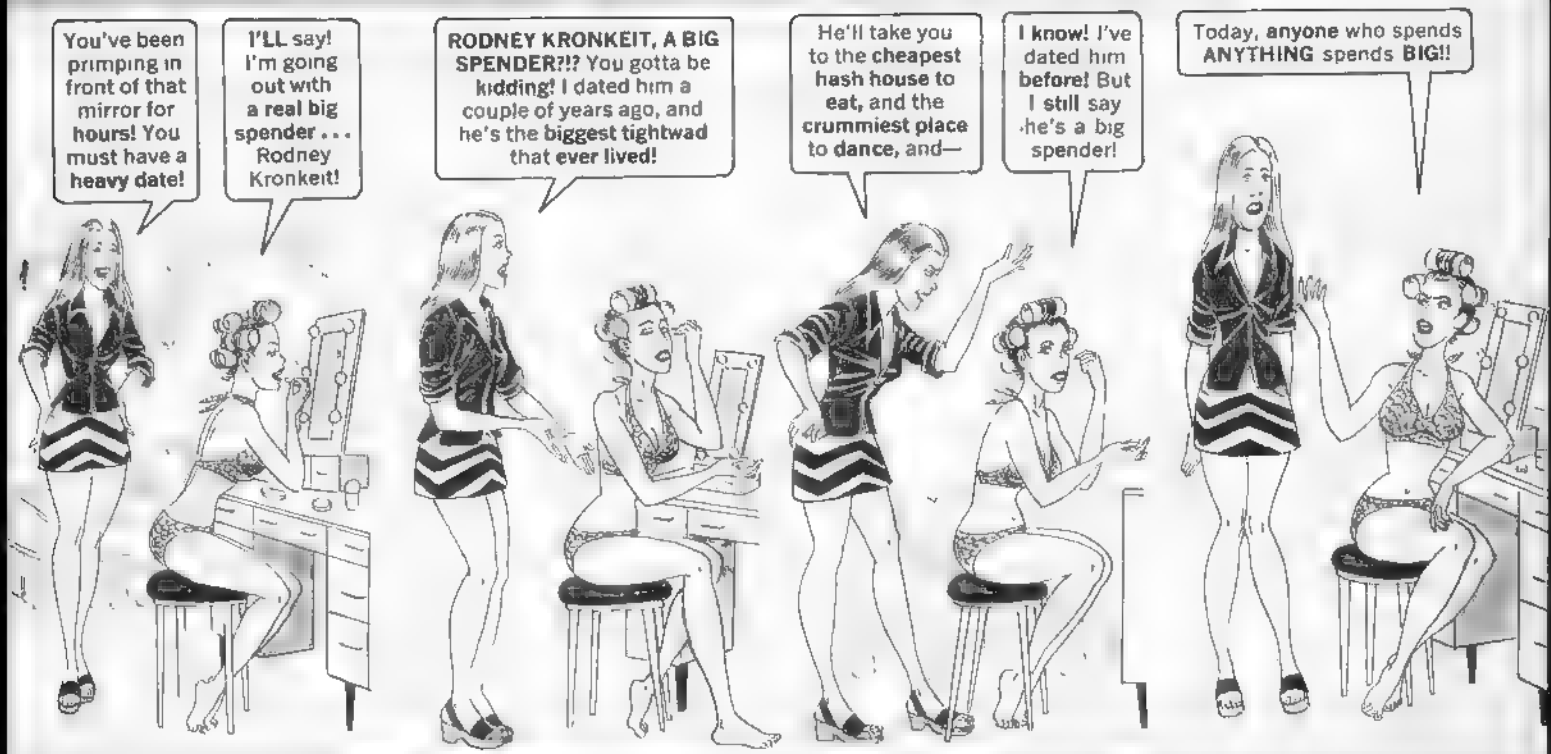


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... THE HIGH

COST OF LIVING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Everything is so expensive today . . . even amusement . . . that tonight, in order to save money, this family is going to STAY HOME and JUST TALK! At least talk is cheap!
You wanna talk? Okay, I'LL talk! That car you got me is JUNK! I'm embarrassed to be seen on Campus in it! I need a NEW CAR!
That Checking Account you opened for me is over-drawn! You'll have to put a couple of hundred dollars in it so the checks I wrote won't bounce!
That Washer-Dryer of mine is on the blink! And the cost to repair it is so high that we might as well buy a new one!
Hold it! Hold it! Okay! Okay! . I've heard enough!!
What in heck are you doing?
Trying to save a few pennies by reaching around the back and maybe finding a can with a lower price on it!
AHA! I FOUND ONE THAT'S THREE CENTS CHEAPER! I DID IT! I BEAT THE SYSTEM!
Okay, NOW, what are you doing?
Getting this ten dollar heating pad!
I pulled a muscle . . . reaching around the back to find a can with a lower price on it!
Let's have the quarter, kid!
Okay! Okay!
Listen, kid! From now on, it's gonna be FIFTY cents!
But I don't have any more! My allowance won't cover it!
So get it from your old man! He's a businessman! He'll understand! He knows the price of everything has gone up!
Including the price of EXTORTION . . . ?

Even TALK isn't cheap anymore!!

I've been racking my brain for months, trying to find a way to beat the high cost of dating! And, yesterday . . . I finally found it!!

I read where there was this Free Concert in the Park!
So . . . did you take your date there?
ZAP

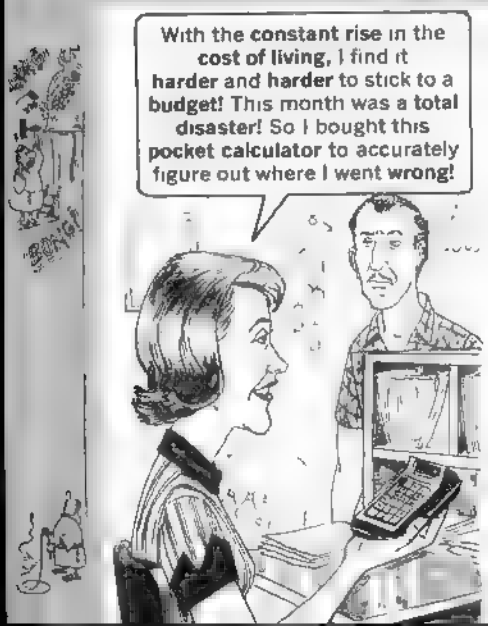
Yeah! We got mugged! Cost me THIRTY BUCKS!

When there's inflation and you're on a fixed income, it's absolute murder!
You're telling me! I don't know how I'm going to survive!

Yet, Mr. Shtarker over there, who's also on a fixed income, seems to manage very well!
That's different! He's very frugal, and a very shrewd money manager! He buys only those things that are on sale, and he watches every penny . . .

And he also takes advantage of every reduction allowed to Senior Citizens!
SO? I do all those things, too! How come I can't manage, and HE CAN!?!

Because HIS fixed income is $30,000 a year!


With the constant rise in the cost of living, I find it harder and harder to stick to a budget! This month was a total disaster! So I bought this pocket calculator to accurately figure out where I went wrong!

Let's see! Food: $258.12, rent: $275.00, telephone: $28.47, gas and electric: $38.73, clothing: $175.71, medical bills: $50.00 and miscellaneous items . . .
CLICK CLICK CLICK

Ah! Here's where I went wrong!
Okay—where?

The cost of this POCKET COMPUTER put us in the red!

Charlie, baby! You look beat!

I am! My salary hardly covers the bare necessities!

So I'm MOONLIGHTING! I took a second job, just to pay my Income Taxes!

That's terrible! You can't live that way! A man needs some RELAXATION! Everyone has to have a VACATION from his work some time!

I know! I know . . .

. . so to pay for that, I took a THIRD JOB!

2

Oh, boy! Did I ever goof! I just marked a whole shelf full of cans ten cents more than I should have!

Man, that IS a goof! What in heck are you gonna do about it?

3

I'm not gonna do anything!

Oh-oh! When the boss and the customers find out, they're gonna scream bloody murder!

No, they're not! The way prices keep going up, who's gonna know the difference?!

With this lousy inflation, I can't even save any money in the bank any more!

I know! I know!

Oh, I put money into my account regularly . . . but everything cost so much, that a week later, I have to withdraw it again!

I know! I know!

Remember the good old days, before this lousy inflation, when a buck was worth a buck?

Yeah! And we made so little, we couldn't save any money in the bank THEN, either!

David Berg

STAKING ACCLAIM DEPT.

A MAD GUIDE TO STATUS SYMBOLS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: TOM KOCH

THERE SEEMS to be a basic instinct that drives us to flaunt Status Symbols so the world will know what clever and superior members of the herd we really are. And, although there has never been anything commendable about Status Symbols, at least we all knew what they were as we clawed our way up the ladder from Status Symbol Roller Skates with lots of extra ball bearings to Status Symbol limousines with lots of extra cylinders.

But recently, the marks of Status have changed in every age group. Suddenly, the whole neat orderly garish system has been upset. Today, the Status Symbols of adults are regarded as tasteless by the younger generation, whose funky treasures are in turn condemned by the small fry as being just plain icky. And so, because MAD thinks it would be a shame if its industrious readers continued lying, cheating and stealing to reach the top, only to flaunt the wrong Status Symbol after they got there, and to help all of you to become the envy of the low class peasants you are forced to associate with, we have called upon a costly imported writer and a uniquely hand-carved expensive artist to prepare this

WHEN YOU'RE A LITTLE KID...

Breaking your arm climbing trees is not a Status Symbol.

Breaking your leg playing football is.

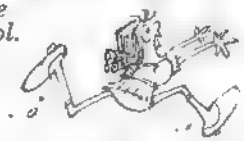
Having an ancestor who was a British nobleman is not a Status Symbol.

Having one who was a Blackfoot Indian Chief is.

Owning a de luxe, jumbo box of 36 crayons is not a Status Symbol.

Eating all of them on a dare at recess is.

A $200 dog that can win blue ribbons is not a Status Symbol.



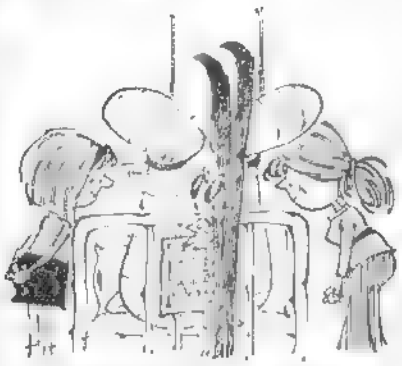
A 50c lizard that can make girls scream is.

A Twinkie in your lunch box is not a Status Symbol.

An Energy Wafer like the Astronauts eat is.

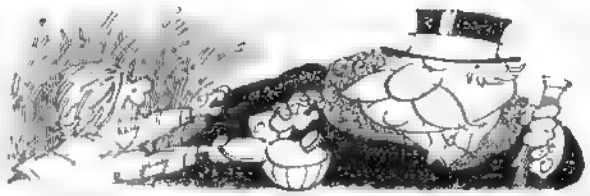
WHEN YOU'RE A BIGGER KID...

Breaking your leg playing football is no longer a Status Symbol.



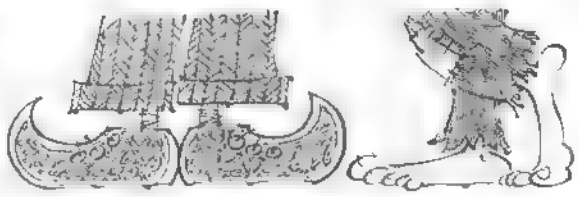
Breaking both your legs skiing is.

Being able to buy lunch for friends is not a Status Symbol.



Being able to scrounge lunch from strangers is.

Imported shoes are not a Status Symbol.



Bare feet, either imported or domestic, are.

WHEN YOU'RE A YOUNG ADULT...

Breaking one or two bones in some juvenile pastime is not a Status Symbol.

Breaking all of your bones sky-diving is.

Going to a psychiatrist is not a Status Symbol.

Going to a guru who worships wax fruit is.

WHEN YOU'RE A VERY OLD (OVER 30) ADULT...

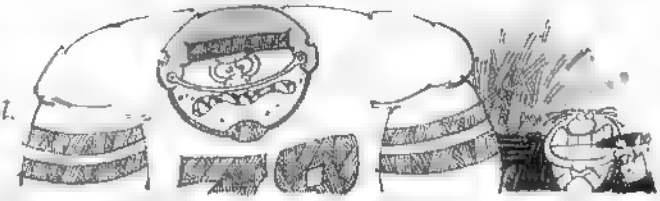
Breaking any or all of your bones is not a Status Symbol.

Acquiring a tennis elbow is.

Working in a ghetto one day a week is a Status Symbol.

Living there seven days a week is not.

Owning a profitable factory is not a Status Symbol.

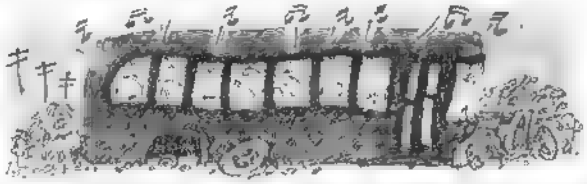


Owning an unprofitable football team is.

A 1974 VW with automatic shift is not a Status Symbol.

A 1954 VW with psychedelic paint is.

Holding your Sweet Sixteen Party in a hotel ballroom is not a Status Symbol.



Holding it in a condemned warehouse or a junked bus is.

Dressing poor when you're rich is a Status Symbol.

Dressing poor because you really are poor isn't.

Flunking your Algebra Test is not a Status Symbol.

Flunking your Wasserman Test isn't one either.

Owning A-rated stocks is not a Status Symbol.

Producing X-rated movies is.

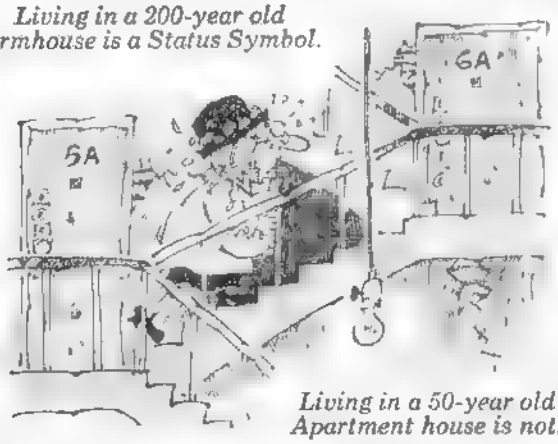
A diploma from Vassar is not a Status Symbol.

A diploma from the Tel Aviv Academy of Tractoring is.

Being jailed for slapping your wife is not a Status Symbol.

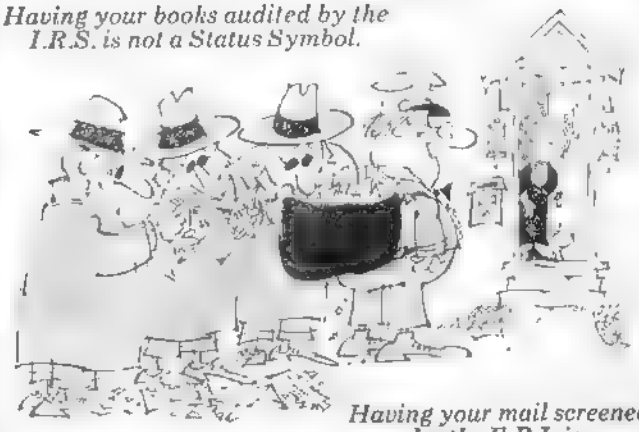
Being jailed for clubbing a lettuce grower is.

Living in a 200-year old farmhouse is a Status Symbol.



Living in a 50-year old Apartment house is not.

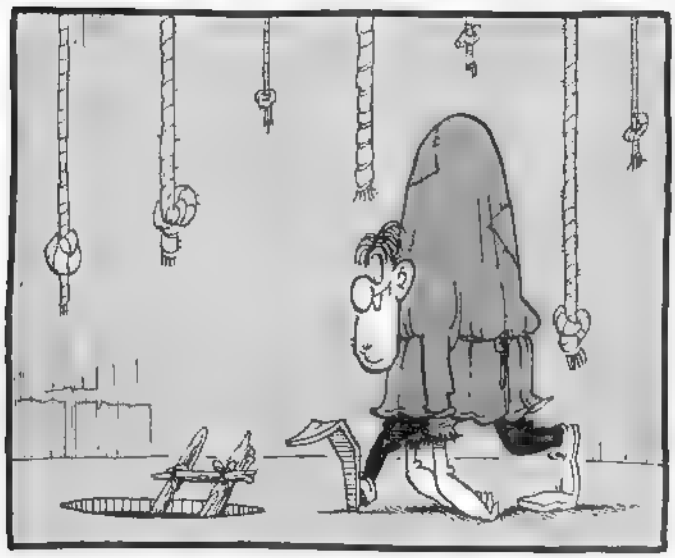
Having your books audited by the I.R.S. is not a Status Symbol.

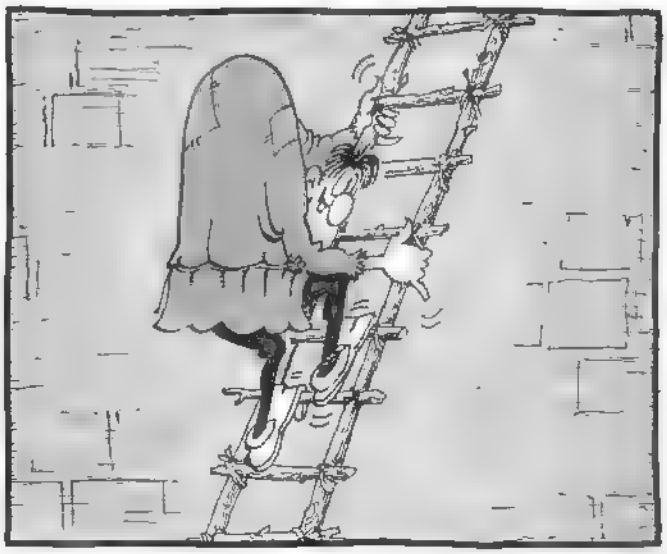


Having your mail screened by the F.B.I. is.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE DAY AT NOTRE DAME

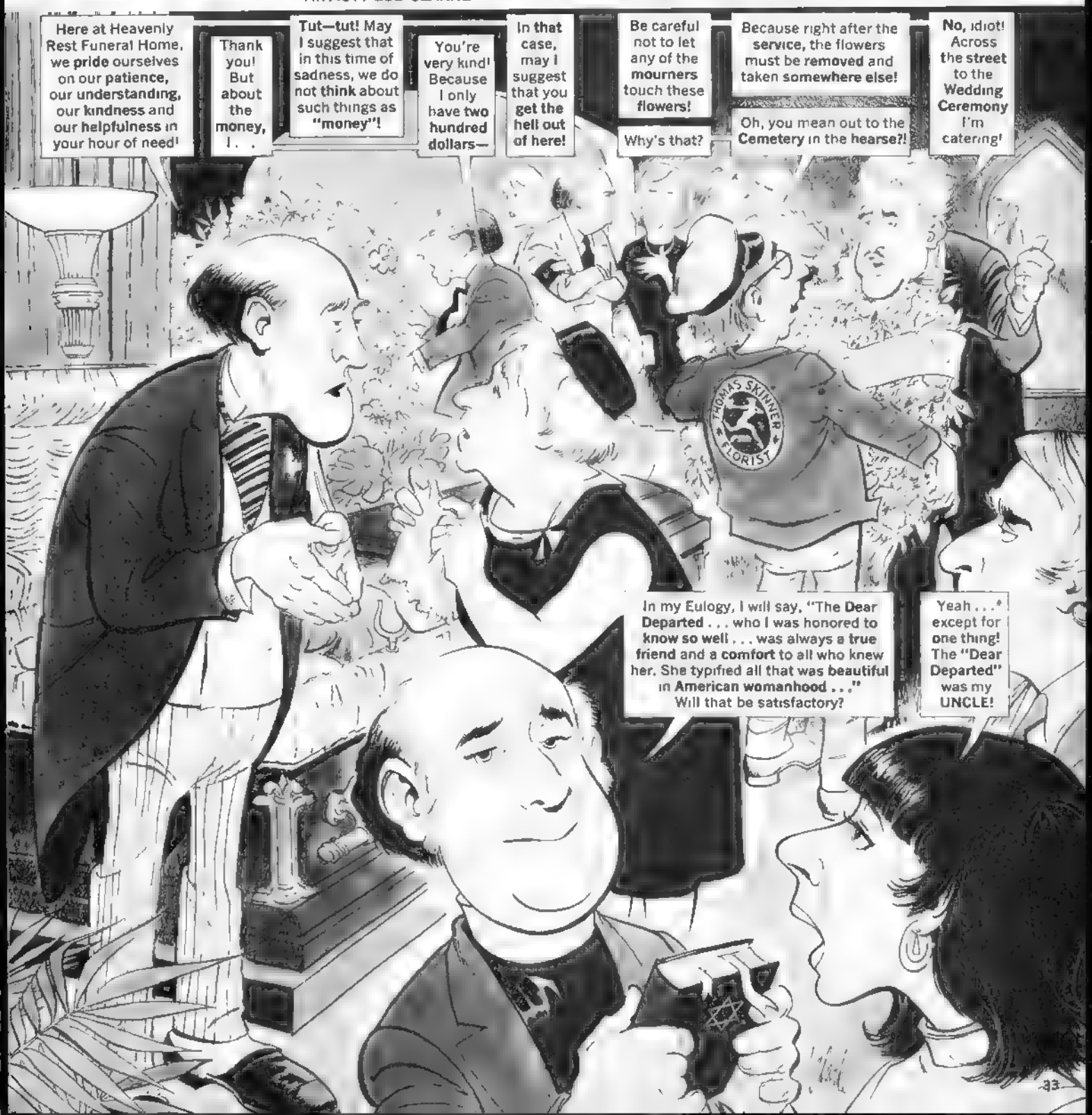




CASH AND BURY DEPT.

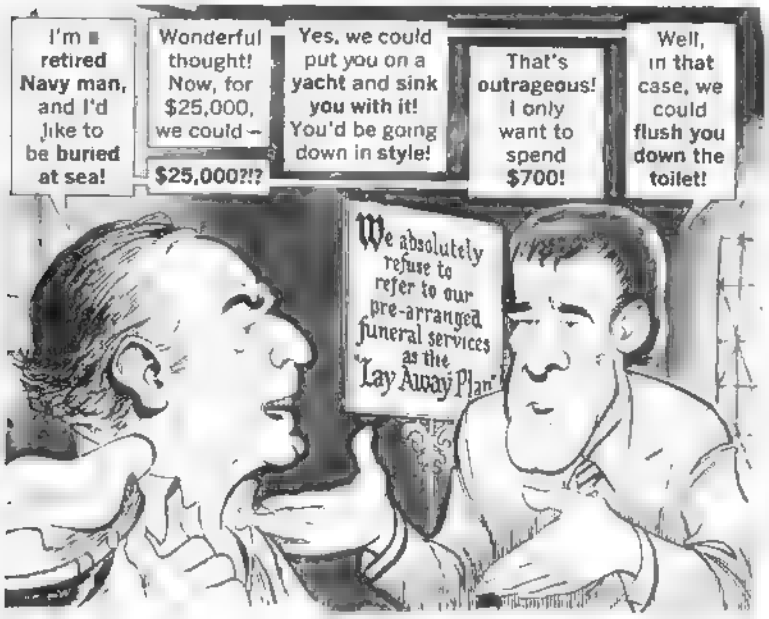
A MAD LOOK AT FUNERALS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

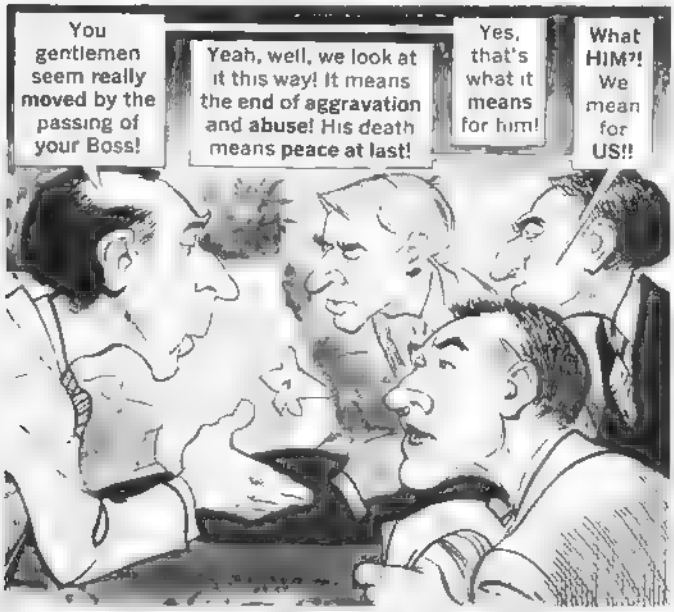


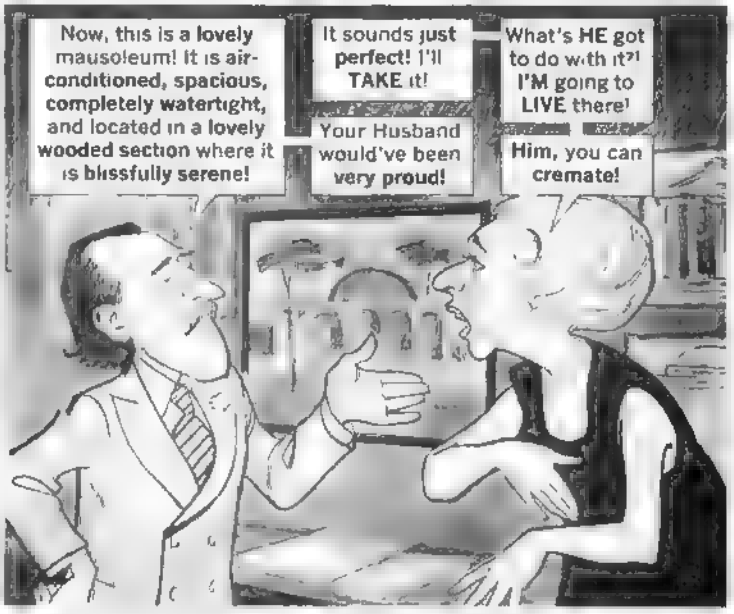
Maybe you can help me? I was wondering what I should wear to my Husband's Funeral . . . ?
I think that your best and simplest black dress would be just fine!
No, I don't think so!
Why not?
I was saving that dress for a SPECIAL OCCASION!

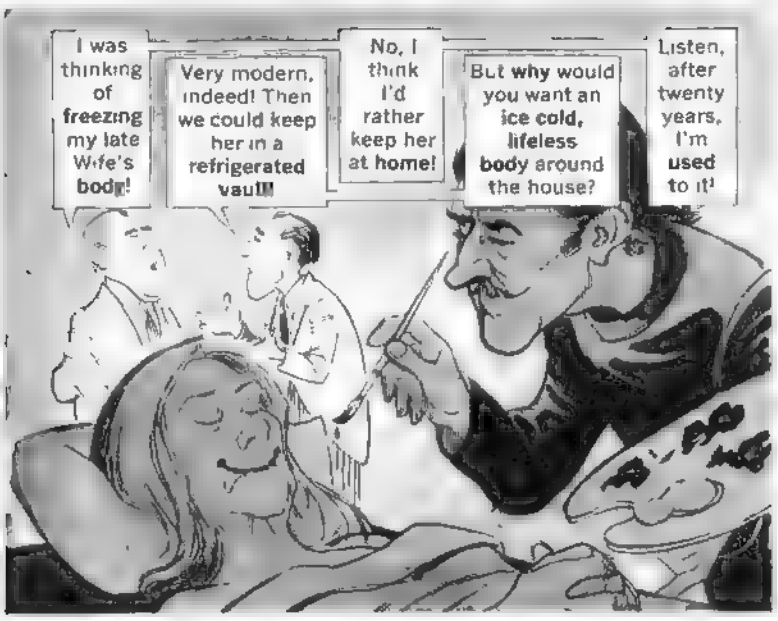
. . and you'll sit next to Aunt Fanny on the way out to the Cemetery!
Not ME!! I hate the old bag!
Please . . . this is no time to make a fuss!
Well, okay.! But when we get to the Cemetery, don't expect me to be the life of the party!
NO PARKING FUNERAL TODAY
DIGG & PLANTE FUNERAL


I'm a retired Navy man, and I'd like to be buried at sea!
Wonderful thought! Now, for $25,000, we could –
$25,000?!?
Yes, we could put you on a yacht and sink you with it! You'd be going down in style!
That's outrageous! I only want to spend $700!
Well, in that case, we could flush you down the toilet!
We absolutely refuse to refer to our pre-arranged funeral services as the "Lay Away Plan"

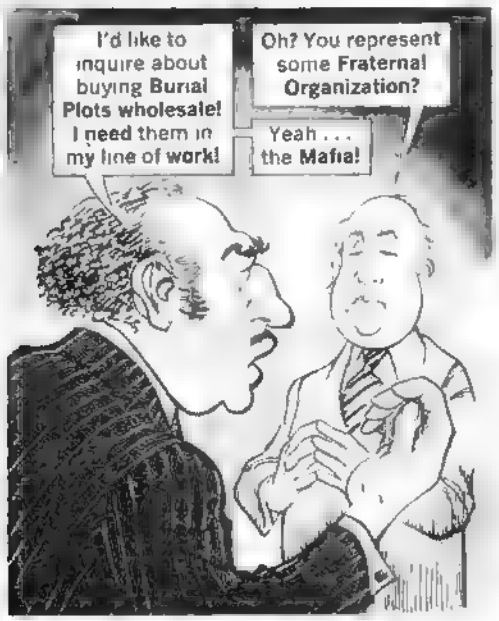
I'm afraid I've upset Mrs. Momser! I told her about our beautiful Religious Service, but she says her Husband was an ATHEIST!
I absolutely object to any mention of the name "God"!!
God? God who??

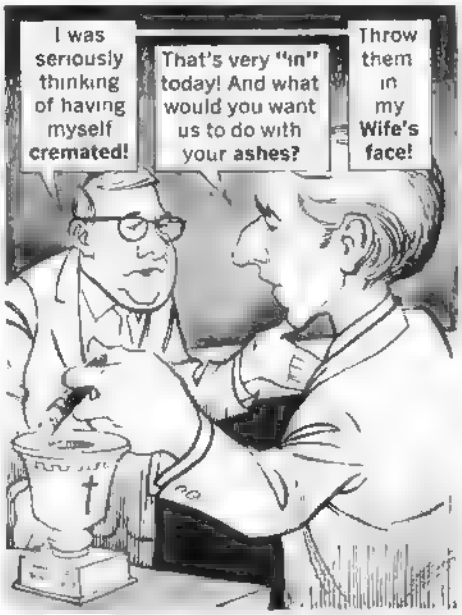

You gentlemen seem really moved by the passing of your Boss!
Yeah, well, we look at it this way! It means the end of aggravation and abuse! His death means peace at last!
Yes, that's what it means for him!
What HIM?! We mean for US!!


Now, this is a lovely mausoleum! It is air-conditioned, spacious, completely watertight, and located in a lovely wooded section where it is blissfully serene!
It sounds just perfect! I'll TAKE it!
Your Husband would've been very proud!
What's HE got to do with it?! I'M going to LIVE there!
Him, you can cremate!

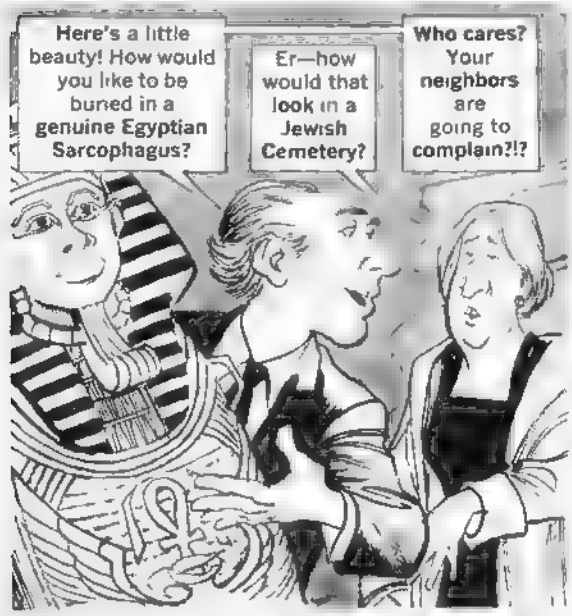

I was thinking of freezing my late Wife's body!
Very modern, indeed! Then we could keep her in a refrigerated vault!
No, I think I'd rather keep her at home!
But why would you want an ice cold, lifeless body around the house?
Listen, after twenty years, I'm used to it!

Well, we could cut costs by using two gravediggers to dig TWO HOLES at one time . . . one for YOU, and one for your WIFE!
But suppose she doesn't die soon after me?
She will! When she gets your Funeral bill!


I'd like to inquire about buying Burial Plots wholesale! I need them in my line of work!
Oh? You represent some Fraternal Organization?
Yeah . . . the Mafia!


I was seriously thinking of having myself cremated!
That's very "in" today! And what would you want us to do with your ashes?
Throw them in my Wife's face!

I'd like to inquire about buying Burial Plots wholesale! I need them in my line of work!
Ah! You must be a member of the Mafia!
No, I'm a Surgeon!


Here's a little beauty! How would you like to be buried in a genuine Egyptian Sarcophagus?
Er—how would that look in a Jewish Cemetery?
Who cares? Your neighbors are going to complain?!?

I'd like to spare my family the trouble and select my own casket in advance!
Very wise decision! Now . . . we could put you to rest in this sterling silver handled, hand-rubbed Brazilian mahagony casket for $5000!
I'm afraid that's too much money!
Well, we could put you to rest in this French Provincial casket with gold trim for $3000!
No-no! I was thinking of spending a lot less! What can you bury me in for about $250?
Saran Wrap!
SOLD

HITTING THE PITCH DEPT.

We've often seen advertisements with those "Testimonial Letters From Our Satisfied Customers," right? Well, it occurred to us recently that, after using the product over an extended period of time, all those customers

FOLLOW-U
TO ADVE

MORE-WEIGHT, Inc.
186 Gainer Road
Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Gentlemen,

Please remove my testimonial letter from your ads. I mean the one I wrote a few months ago, telling you how thrilled I was when "I put on 15 pounds just by drinking MORE-WEIGHT for only two weeks!"

Since that time, I have put on an additional sixty pounds! And even though I've cut out MORE-WEIGHT altogether, I'm still gaining about five pounds a week! MORE-WEIGHT must have changed my body chemistry permanently!

Please print this letter in your ads instead, to warn others.

Sincerely,
Emily Levine

PEP-UP, Inc.
76 Alert Road
Briteyes, Nev.

Sirs:

Since I dashed off my last letter, letting you know how "Pep-Up" gave me such unbelievable get-up-and-go, I've been awake for 567 consecutive hours.

I can't sit still. I can't stand still. My wife has left me because I'm too "up" to go to bed anymore. And my friends won't have anything to do with me because I exhaust them with my hyperactivity.

Please tell me what to do!

But don't write to me at my home. Write to me at my new job. In fact, I'm writing this letter as I'm jogging to work. My office is only 189 miles away.

Yours very truly,
John Crouse

SPEED O-READ METHOD, Inc.
31 Zipp Lane
Quickscan, Can.

Gentlemen:

It's true! You DID teach me to read fast! Only, now I read TOO FAST!

I read "War and Peace" in 12 minutes! I read every book in my local library in three and a half days.

And I read every magazine on my local newsstand in two hours!

Now, I have nothing left to read, and I'm going out of my mind!

Yours very truly,
Natalie Sigler

may not remain satisfied! And if that happened, and they wrote second letters to the companies, we'd never get to see them in print. So, as a public service, we raided a few wastebaskets, and now fearlessly publish these . . .

P LETTERS
RTISERS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

EASY-PLAY MUSIC CO.
78 Base Chord Drive
Toonerville, Miss.

Gentlemen:

Remember the letter I wrote? The one you used in your ads, telling how I'd made friends and became popular since learning to play the piano the EASY-PLAY way? Well forget it! I mean, now I'm too popular! Now I have too many friends! They keep dropping by the house! They keep phoning me -- sometimes at 2 or 3 in the morning -- wanting to come over! Boy, am I sorry I ever became the "Life Of The Party!"

Yours truly,
Herbert Wolffe

Oxford Vocabulary Course
1744 Thesaurus Street
Webster, Mich.

Gentlemen,

Prior to succumbing to the blandishments of your advertisement, promulgating the aggrandizement of my word potential, I was being debilitated conversationally and communicatively by the limitations of my self-expression.

However, now all my discourse is fraught with a plethora of antediluvian references, complex circumlocution, and a permeating pedantry that has precipitated a passivity among my peers and cost me their camaraderie...a resultant I would not enjoin upon a canine.

Most regretfully yours,

Felix Maldonado

IRON FISTS
89 Muscle Beach Dr.
Van Nuys, Calif.

Gentlemen:

You promised me "Iron Fists -- and that's what I got! Now, I can't even open a door without ripping it off its hinges! My house is now a walk-through, because the front and back doors are gone, and everybody walks through! I now own a four-doorless sedan! And I keep leaving all the drawers open -- permanently! I even had someone mail this letter to you because the last time I tried mailing a letter myself, I ripped the slot-cover off the mailbox!

I only wish I could have my frail arms back!

Yours truly,
Irwin Lenore

POST EXCHANGES DEPT.

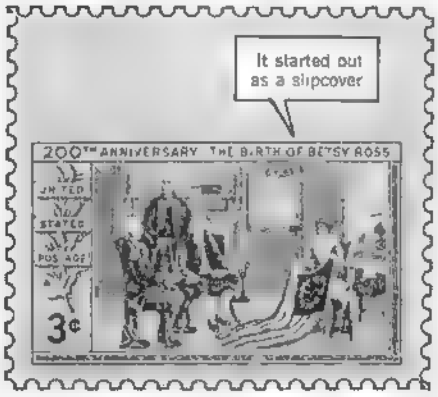
If you didn't skip Page 3 of this issue, you noted that we're plugging Frank Jacobs' "MAD's Talking Stamps," our latest, all-new paperback. We like it so much that, sneaky finks that we are, we've stolen some of the choicer bits for ourselves. There's a lot more in the book, of course, but until you buy a copy, here's a sampling of MAD's . . .

TALKING STAMPS

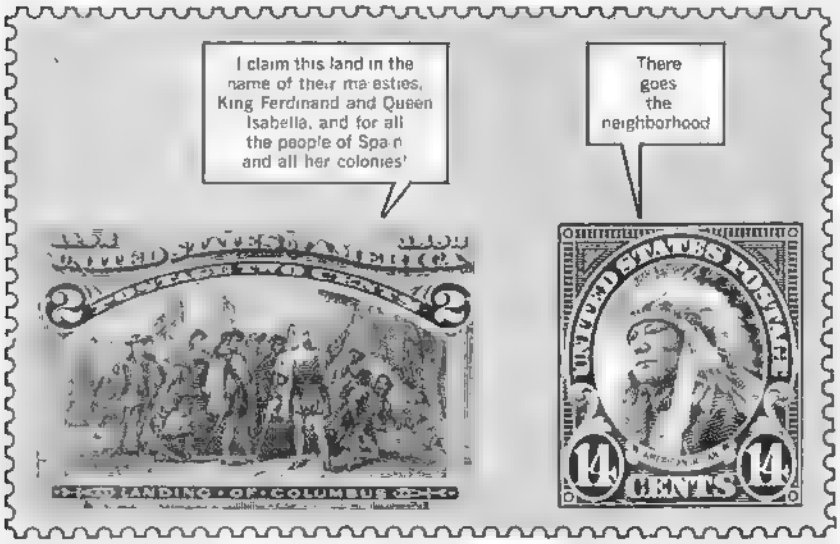
STAMPS COURTESY DUMONT STAMP CO. N.Y.C.

U.S. REGULAR ISSUE, 1954-55

U.S. SUSAN B. ANTHONY ISSUE, 1936



U.S. BETSY ROSS ISSUE, 1952



U.S. COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION ISSUE 1893 REGULAR ISSUE, 1923

U.S. MOON LANDING COMMEMORATIVE, 1969

U.S. THOMAS A. EDISON ISSUE, 1947

ISSUES OF BULGARIA & GERMANY 1958

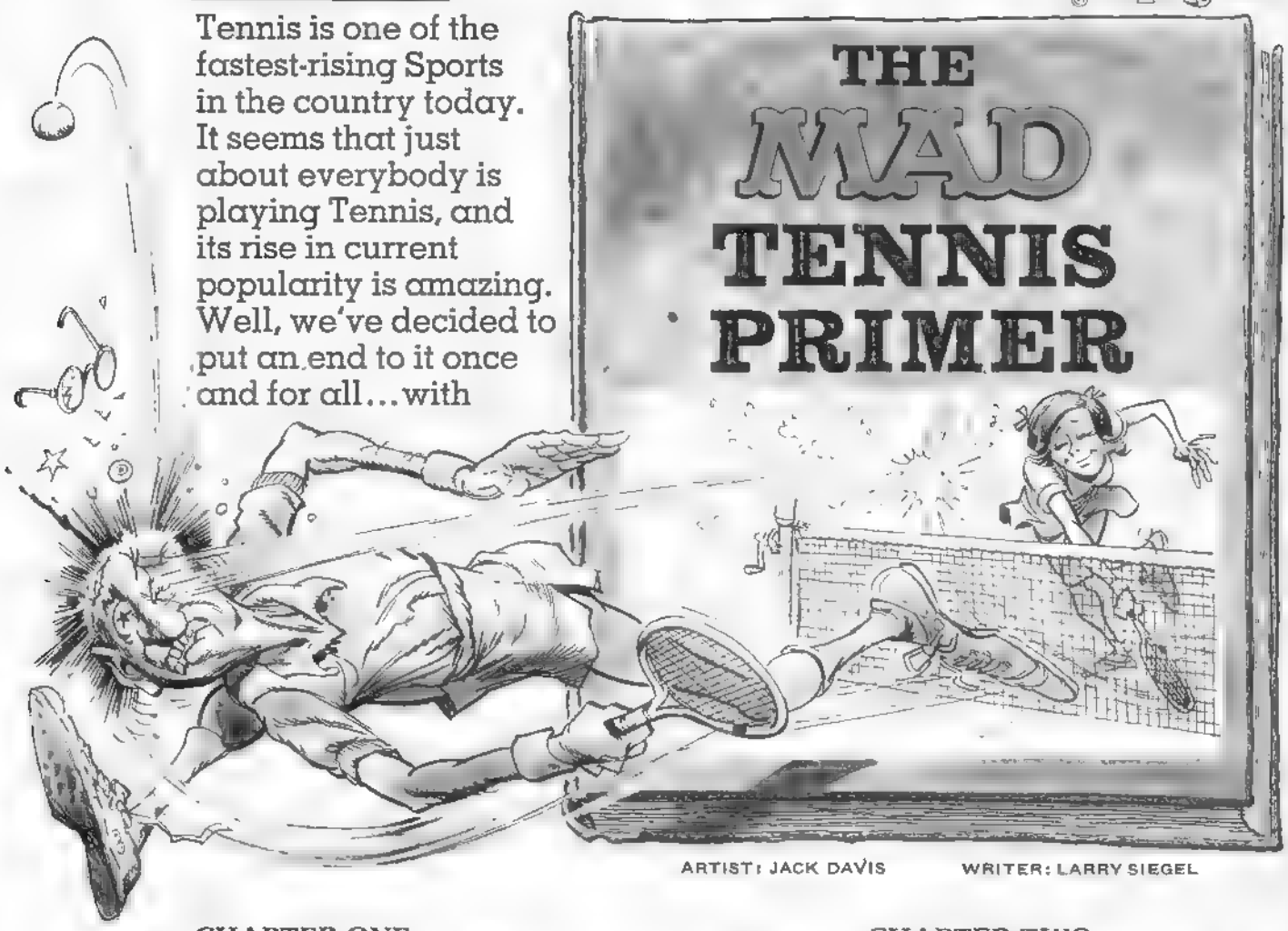
U.S. FAMILY PLANNING ISSUE 1972 VATICAN CITY ISSUE, 1965

U.S. AIRMAIL, WITH VERY RARE INVERT 1918

COURT JESTING DEPT.

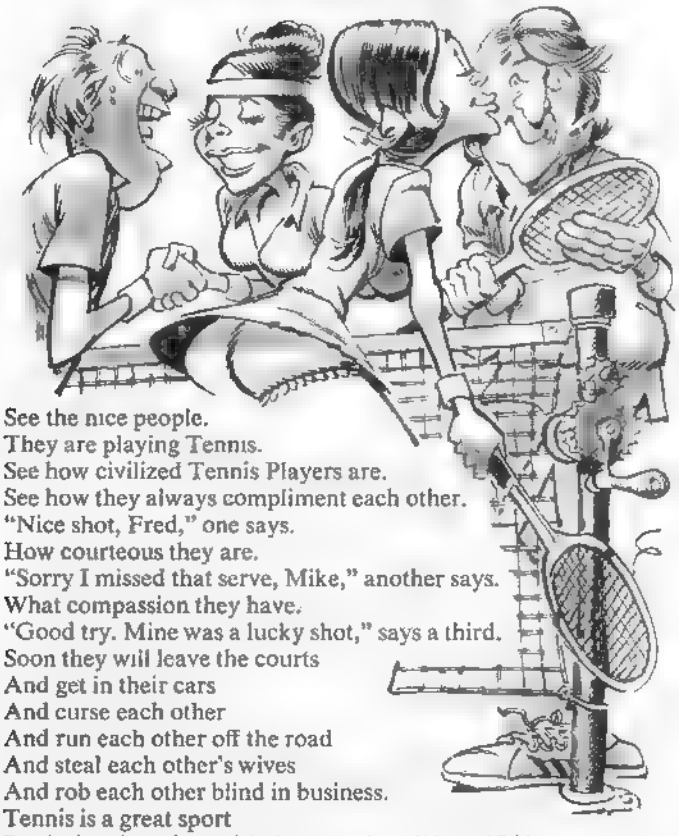
Tennis is one of the fastest-rising Sports in the country today. It seems that just about everybody is playing Tennis, and its rise in current popularity is amazing. Well, we've decided to put an end to it once and for all...with

THE MAD TENNIS PRIMER



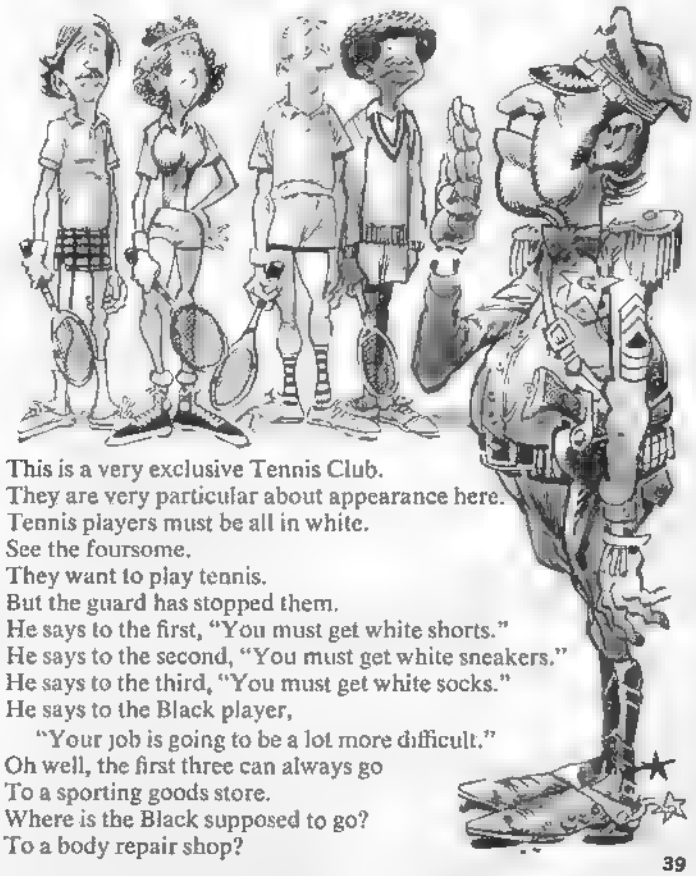
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER ONE



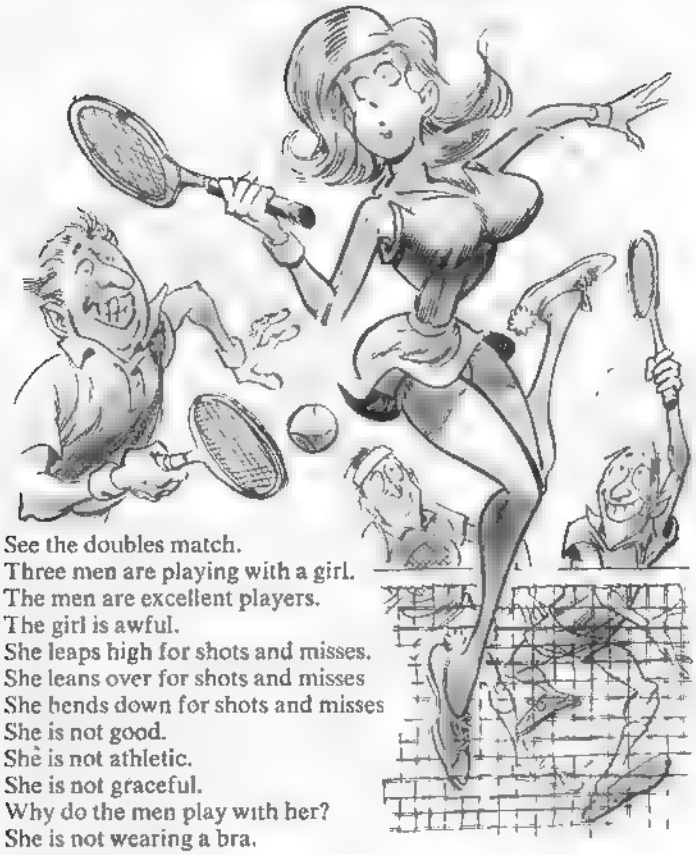
See the nice people.
They are playing Tennis.
See how civilized Tennis Players are.
See how they always compliment each other.
"Nice shot, Fred," one says.
How courteous they are.
"Sorry I missed that serve, Mike," another says.
What compassion they have.
"Good try. Mine was a lucky shot," says a third.
Soon they will leave the courts
And get in their cars
And curse each other
And run each other off the road
And steal each other's wives
And rob each other blind in business.
Tennis is a great sport
But it *does* interfere with the American Way of Life.

CHAPTER TWO



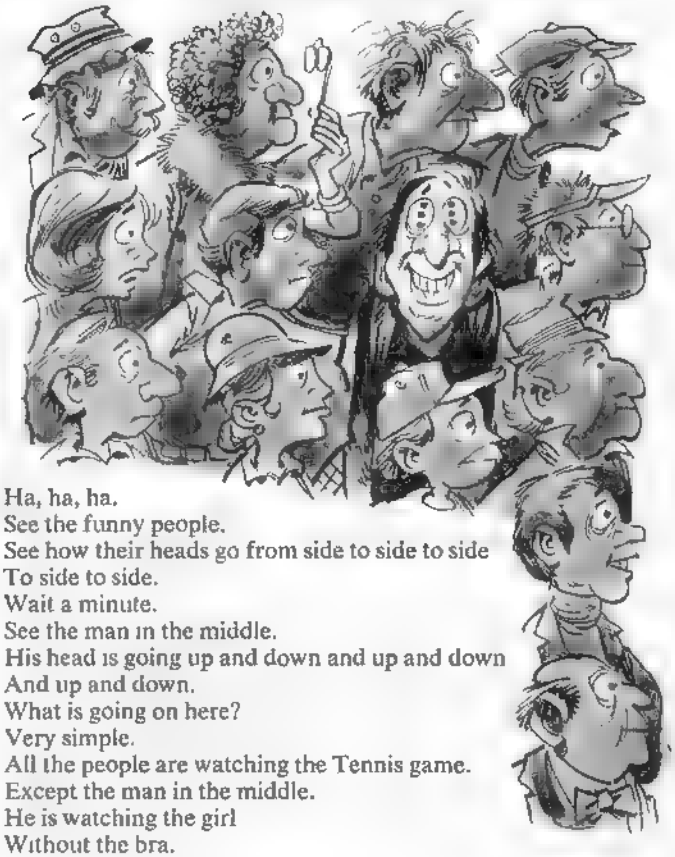
This is a very exclusive Tennis Club.
They are very particular about appearance here.
Tennis players must be all in white.
See the foursome.
They want to play tennis.
But the guard has stopped them.
He says to the first, "You must get white shorts."
He says to the second, "You must get white sneakers."
He says to the third, "You must get white socks."
He says to the Black player,
"Your job is going to be a lot more difficult."
Oh well, the first three can always go
To a sporting goods store.
Where is the Black supposed to go?
To a body repair shop?

CHAPTER THREE



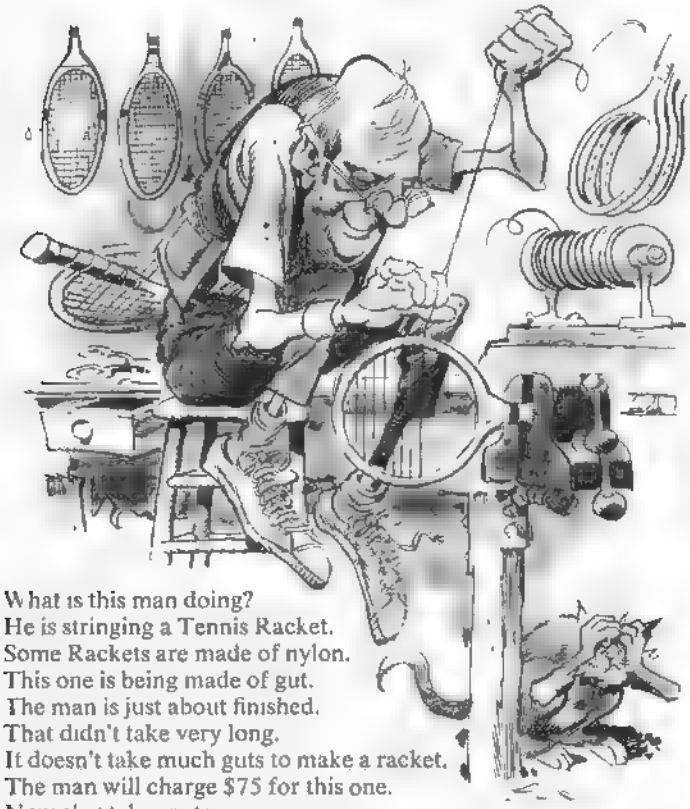
See the doubles match.
Three men are playing with a girl.
The men are excellent players.
The girl is awful.
She leaps high for shots and misses.
She leans over for shots and misses
She bends down for shots and misses
She is not good.
She is not athletic.
She is not graceful.
Why do the men play with her?
She is not wearing a bra.

CHAPTER FOUR



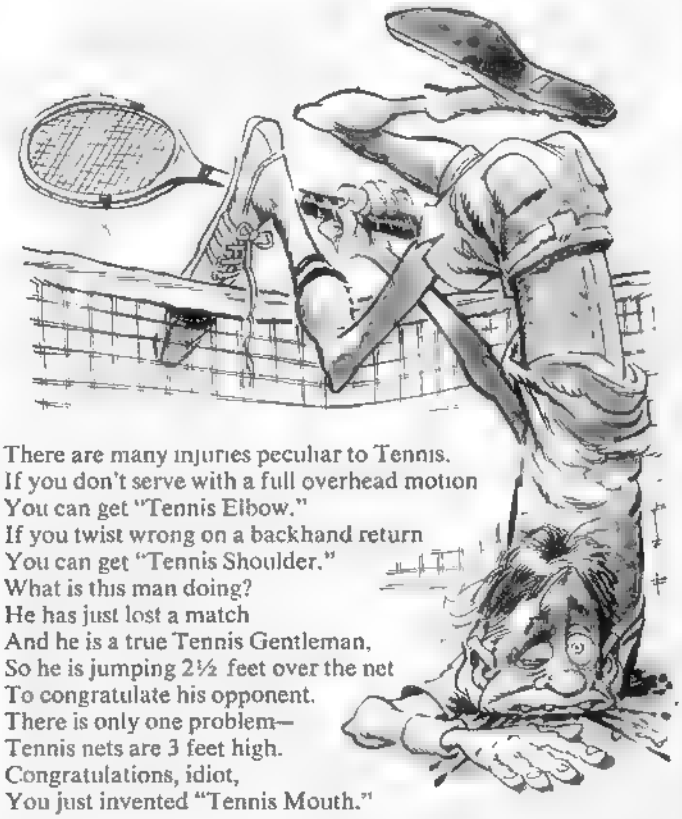
Ha, ha, ha.
See the funny people.
See how their heads go from side to side to side
To side to side.
Wait a minute.
See the man in the middle.
His head is going up and down and up and down
And up and down.
What is going on here?
Very simple.
All the people are watching the Tennis game.
Except the man in the middle.
He is watching the girl
Without the bra.

CHAPTER SEVEN



What is this man doing?
He is stringing a Tennis Racket.
Some Rackets are made of nylon.
This one is being made of gut.
The man is just about finished.
That didn't take very long.
It doesn't take much guts to make a racket.
The man will charge $75 for this one.
Now *that* takes guts.

CHAPTER EIGHT

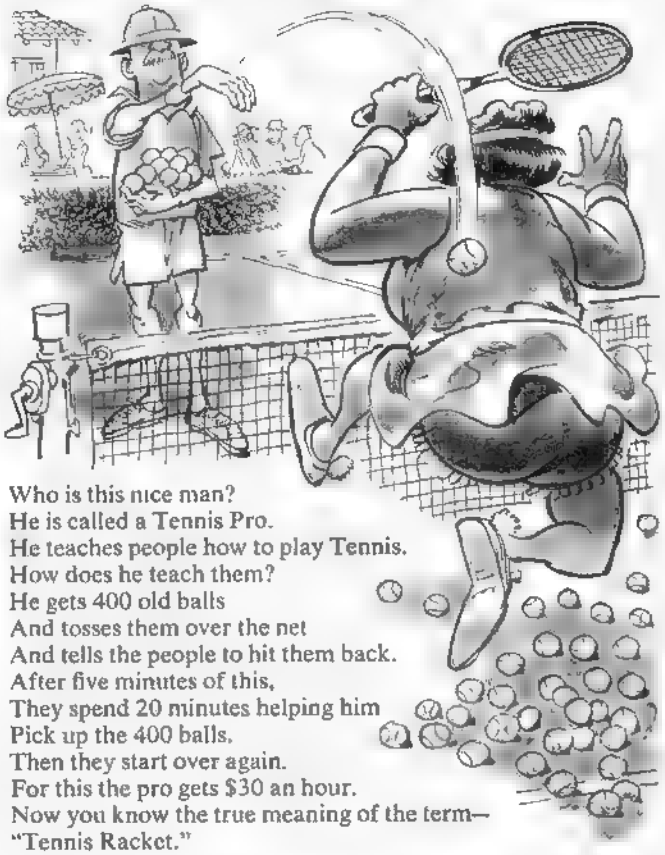


There are many injuries peculiar to Tennis.
If you don't serve with a full overhead motion
You can get "Tennis Elbow."
If you twist wrong on a backhand return
You can get "Tennis Shoulder."
What is this man doing?
He has just lost a match
And he is a true Tennis Gentleman,
So he is jumping 2½ feet over the net
To congratulate his opponent.
There is only one problem—
Tennis nets are 3 feet high.
Congratulations, idiot,
You just invented "Tennis Mouth."

CHAPTER FIVE

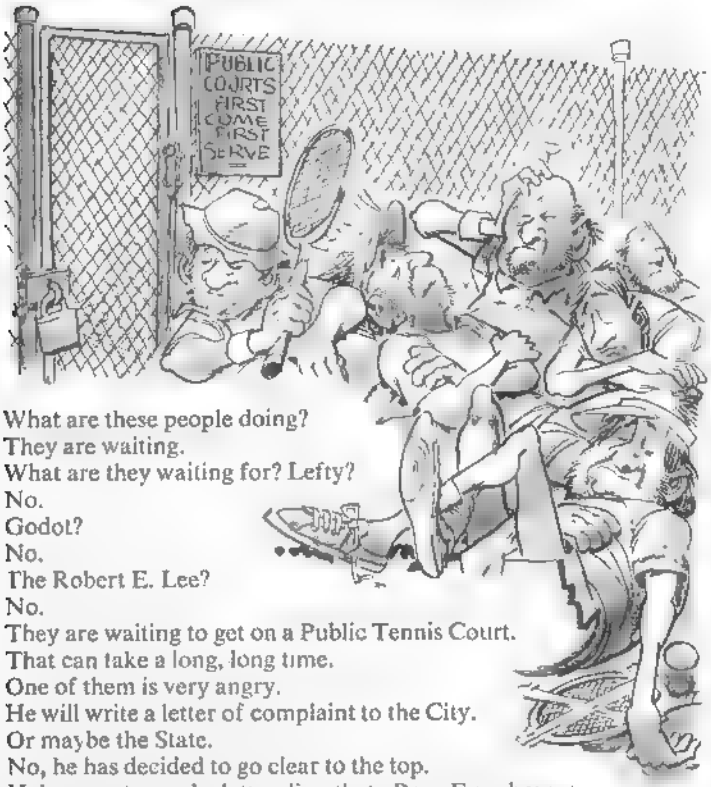
See the poor man.
He has been struggling on the court for two hours.
He is bathed in sweat.
He can hardly breathe.
He is exhausted.
His hand is bleeding.
But it was worth it.
He has won his battle.
Now that he has finally opened the vacuum-packed can of balls,
He is ready to play Tennis.

CHAPTER SIX



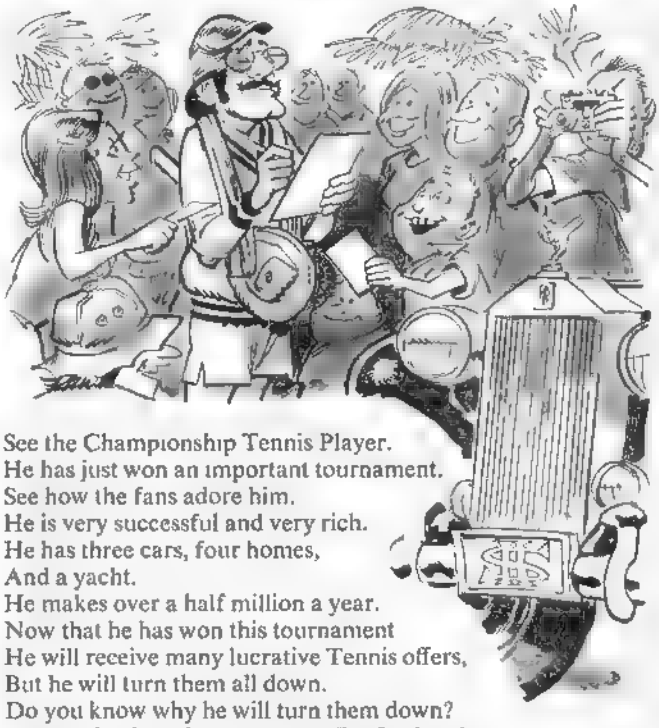
Who is this nice man?
He is called a Tennis Pro.
He teaches people how to play Tennis.
How does he teach them?
He gets 400 old balls
And tosses them over the net
And tells the people to hit them back.
After five minutes of this,
They spend 20 minutes helping him
Pick up the 400 balls.
Then they start over again.
For this the pro gets $30 an hour.
Now you know the true meaning of the term—
"Tennis Racket."

CHAPTER NINE



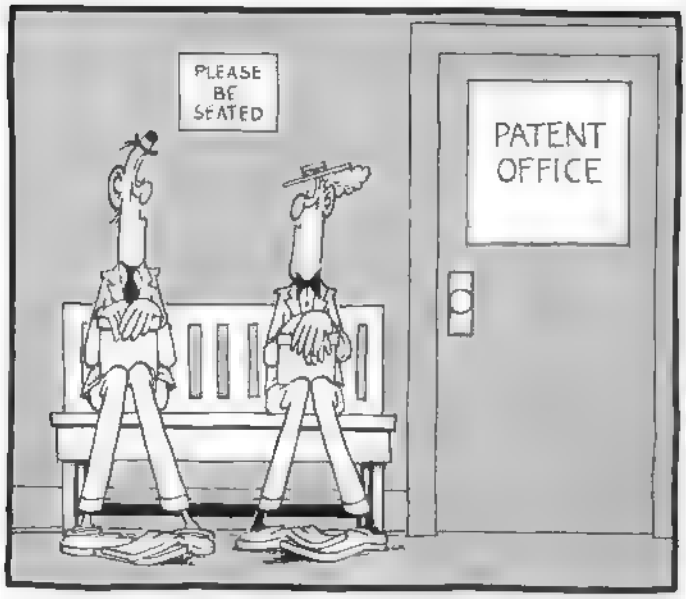
What are these people doing?
They are waiting.
What are they waiting for? Lefty?
No.
Godot?
No.
The Robert E. Lee?
No.
They are waiting to get on a Public Tennis Court.
That can take a long, long time.
One of them is very angry.
He will write a letter of complaint to the City.
Or maybe the State.
No, he has decided to go clear to the top.
He's going to send a letter directly to Pres. Eisenhower.
Hmm, he's been waiting a lot longer than we thought.

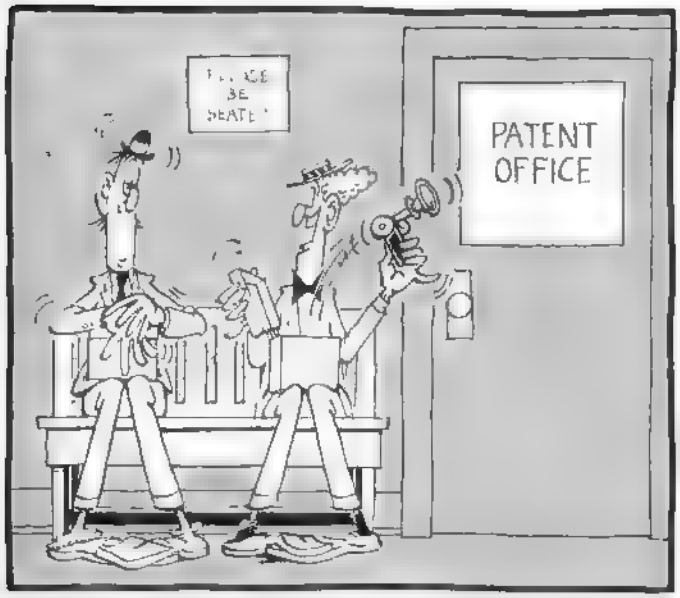
CHAPTER TEN

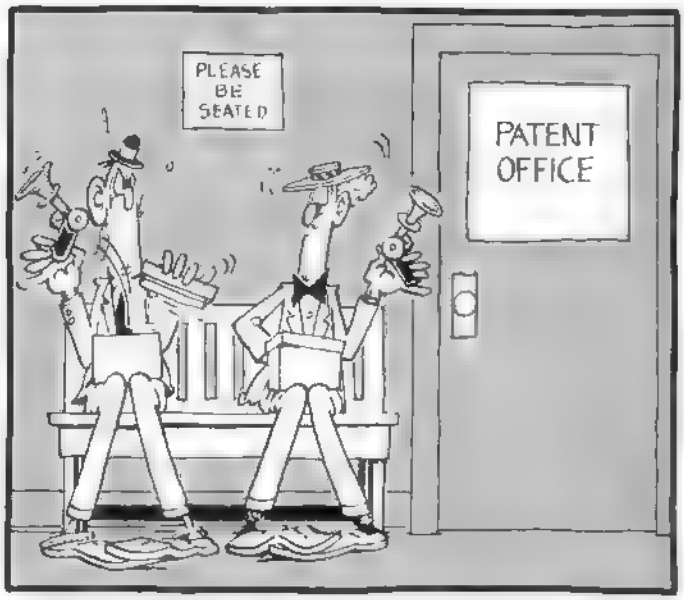


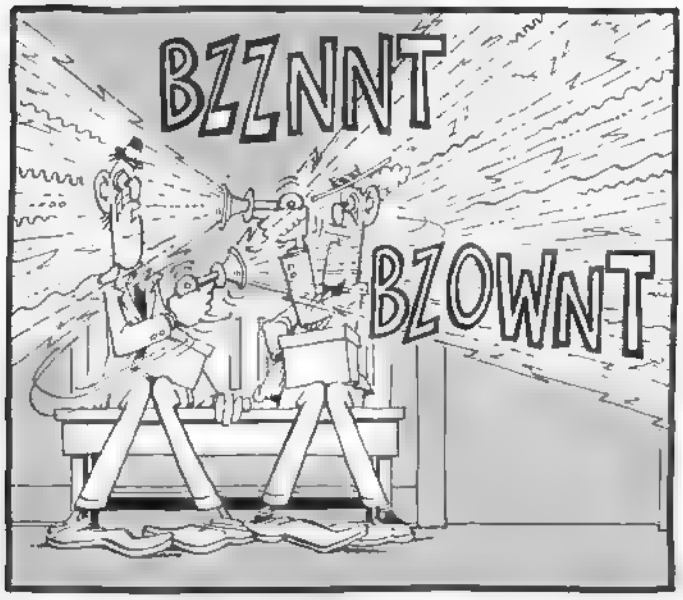
See the Championship Tennis Player.
He has just won an important tournament.
See how the fans adore him.
He is very successful and very rich.
He has three cars, four homes,
And a yacht.
He makes over a half million a year.
Now that he has won this tournament
He will receive many lucrative Tennis offers,
But he will turn them all down.
Do you know why he will turn them down?
Because he doesn't want to turn Professional.
Isn't Amateur Tennis wonderful?
Some top performers make almost as much money
As College Football Players.

ONE DAY IN THE PATENT OFFICE





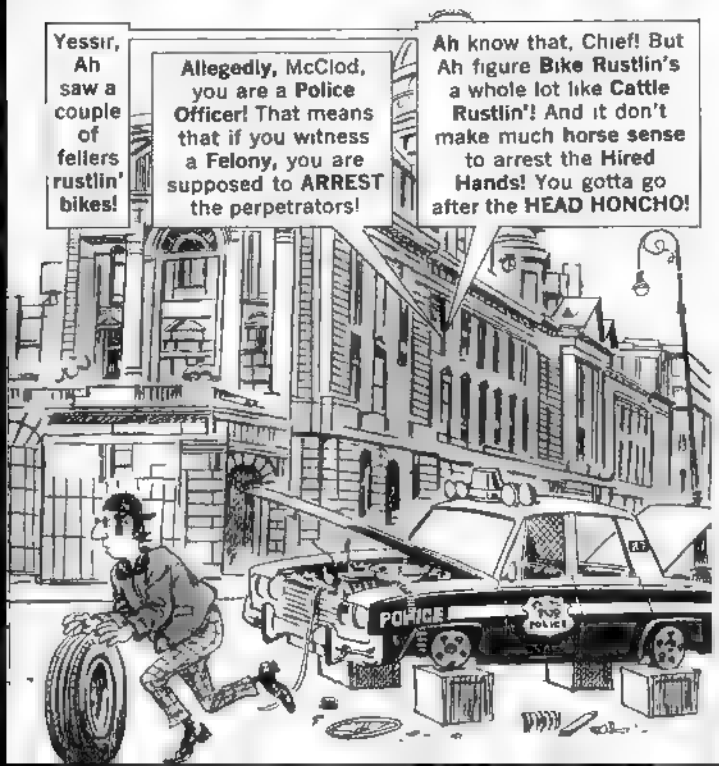


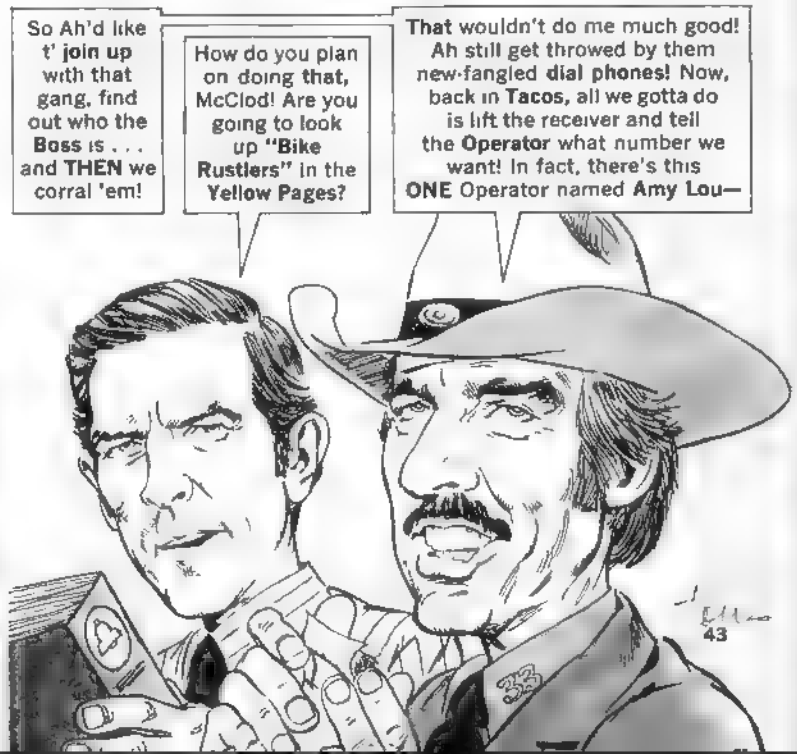


Would a hard-riding, gun-toting, square-jawed, straight-shooting Marshal from New Mexico really help New York solve its crime problem? We think it's an idiotic idea . . . even for Television! But that's what they're actually trying to sell us with . . .

McCLOD

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





McClod, I don't CARE about Amy Lou! How do you plan on infiltrating the gang?
Simple! Ah'll jus' go into th' Bike Rustlin' business mahself, and then the gang will invite me to join 'em!
That sounds dangerous, Simp! You could get KILLED!
You mean "killed" like in DEAD?!?
Hmmm! That part is really tempting! But . . . I'm afraid I already have a special assignment for you, McClod!
There yuh go, Chief!
Dawgone! Ah don' mind bein' assigned to the Meter Maids
. . . but Ah shore wish Ah didn't have t' wear the Official UNIFORM!
Chief, they just found McClod unconscious!
How could they TELL?
McClod! What happened to you? Did a Parking Meter fall on you?
No, Chief! I figured I'd work on the By-cycle Case in my spare time, so I swiped a bike! But the training wheels fell off!
I told you to stay away from that Bike Caper, McClod . . .
Ah'd like to hang around and shoot the breeze awhile, but Ah got me some bikes to rustle!
McClod!!
Forget it! He's gone!
Hel-l-l-lp!! Police! That Texas Transvestite just stole my little boy's bike!
And now, Ladie-e-es and Gentlemen, the Great Spumoni and his death-defying high wire bicycle ride . . .
Stoppa that man! He's-a steal-a my bicycletto!!
NUDIST CAMP

Simp McClod! What are you doing in this place?
Oh, howdy, Crass! Ah was jest tryin' t' steal this by-cycle, but no matter how hard I pedal the durned thang, it won't budge an inch!
Why haven't you returned my calls, McClod?
Ah been busier'n a one-armed farmhand at milkin' time!
McClod, is there someone else?
No way! Yore purty, educated, sophisticated an' rich! We got a lot in common!
Cowboy we're ALL pretty, educated, sophisticated, rich . . AND available!
And we dig the rugged, outdoor homespun type!
Lay off! He's mine!
No— he's mine!
Wal, Ah'll say one thang fer Big City gals! They ain't got much meat on their bones, but Ah shor do admire their taste in men!
Glad you could get here, Chief! I got some bad news for you! McClod—
You're right! He IS bad news! So don't talk about him! Let me enjoy this bank robbery!
That's just it, Chief! McClod's inside the bank!
Inside the BANK?!? I thought he was stealing bicycles! What'd he do, decide to branch out?!?
McClod's made so much bread stealing bikes, he had to open a bank account! He's one of the hostages!
NOW HEAR THIS IN THERE! LET THE HOSTAGES GO! ALL EXCEPT McCLOD! HIM— YOU CAN KEEP!
Nobody's coming out, Chief . . .
Okay! Let's rush 'em!!
POLICE OFFICERS!! NOBODY MOVE!!
McClod, what happened to the bank robbers?!?
Y--you let them get away with the money?
That makes TWO of us McClod! I don't want anybody to know you're a Cop, either!
There yuh go, Chief!
They went out the skylight!
Ah'm supposed to be a bike thief, Chief! Ah don' want anybody t' know Ah'm a Cop!
McClod, you are to stay off this Bike Case—even during your lunch hours! Since you've been on it, bike stealing has reached epidemic proportions! Would you believe somebody even stole the MAYOR's bike?!
Ah know! It's a ten-speeder! Ah jest may keep that one fer mahself!
I'm taking over the Bike Case personally! Go home, put your skirt on and report back to the Meter Maids!

Get in the car, Man! We're gonna take you for a little ride!
There yuh go! No matter what they say about you Big City folks, yo're the friendliest people I have EVER met!!
So you're the character who's been stealing bikes in our territory! Thanks to you, we've been having trouble meeting our quota!
And if we're in trouble . . . so are YOU!
Wal, Ah'll be glad to share yor trouble, fellers! Back home, we always say, "The burden seems a whole lot lighter when a few Jackasses share the load!" . . .
This is the end of the trail for you, Cowboy!
Hey, Ah got a much better idee! How about me joinin' up with yor gang?
How do we know you're not a Cop?
Accordin' t' the Police Manual, it says, "No duly authorized Officer of the Law shall wear a mustache!" An' this ain't no cactus a-growin' on my upper lip!
Hey, you seem to know a lot about Police Regulations!
Ah watch a lot of TV!
Sounds reasonable! Okay, Cowboy—you're in!
There yuh go! Now, when do Ah get to meet the Head Honcho?
No one gets to meet "Mr. Big"! We get our orders over the phone! And let me warn you, Cowboy! Any funny business, and they're gonna find you floating in that river!
Don' worry, Pardner! Ah'd rather be DAID than float in THAT river!
Chief, will you accept a Collect Call from McClod?
What's the matter, McClod! Don't you have a dime?
How yuh doin', Chief!? It's a funny thang, but the phone booths here don't take dimes!
Don't be stupid! All phone booths take dimes!
Not in Hong Kong they don'!!

McClod!! What are you doing in HONG KONG?!?

Why, Ah'm talkin' t' YOU on the phone, Chief!

You could have done that in New York! Why there?!?

Ah've infiltrated the bike gang, Chief! We steal bikes in New York, ship 'em here, paint 'em, and ship 'em back to New York!

Why would anyone want to ship stolen bikes 7000 miles just to paint them!?

Probably 'cause the Labor is a lot cheaper here! They gotta take 'em apart, paint 'em, fill 'em up—

FILL THEM UP?!? With WHAT . . . ?!?

That funny li'l white powder . . .

HEROIN!! McClod, you've stumbled onto The Hong Kong Connection!

Hang up the phone, Cowboy!

McClod?!? Are you there? Mc—CLICK!

Well, you had me fooled, Hayseed! I figured you were too stupid to be a Cop! Shows you how bad things are these days! You know, of course, that now I have to kill you!

Hey, not yet! Ain't it Standard Procedure fer a TV Crook t' explain the entire operation t' the TV Cop jest b'fore he rubs 'im out?

You already KNOW how we operate!

Everythin' 'cept one detail! Who's runnin' th' show?

You're looking at him, Cowboy! I'm the legendary "Mr. Big"!

Don' try t' hog-tie me! Yo're jest one of the Hired Hands!

That's what I wanted everyone to think! If the Police suspected that I was only a petty Bicycle Thief, they'd never bother me! They'd be more interested in nailing "Mr. Big"! Now to get rid of you! Say your prayers . . .

Hold on! Y-Yo're not gonna SHOOT me, are yuh?

No, this isn't a gun! This is a cigarette lighter, and I'm offering you a light!

Wait a cotton-pickin' minute! Wouldn't it make a lot more sense if'n my death looked like an accident?!?

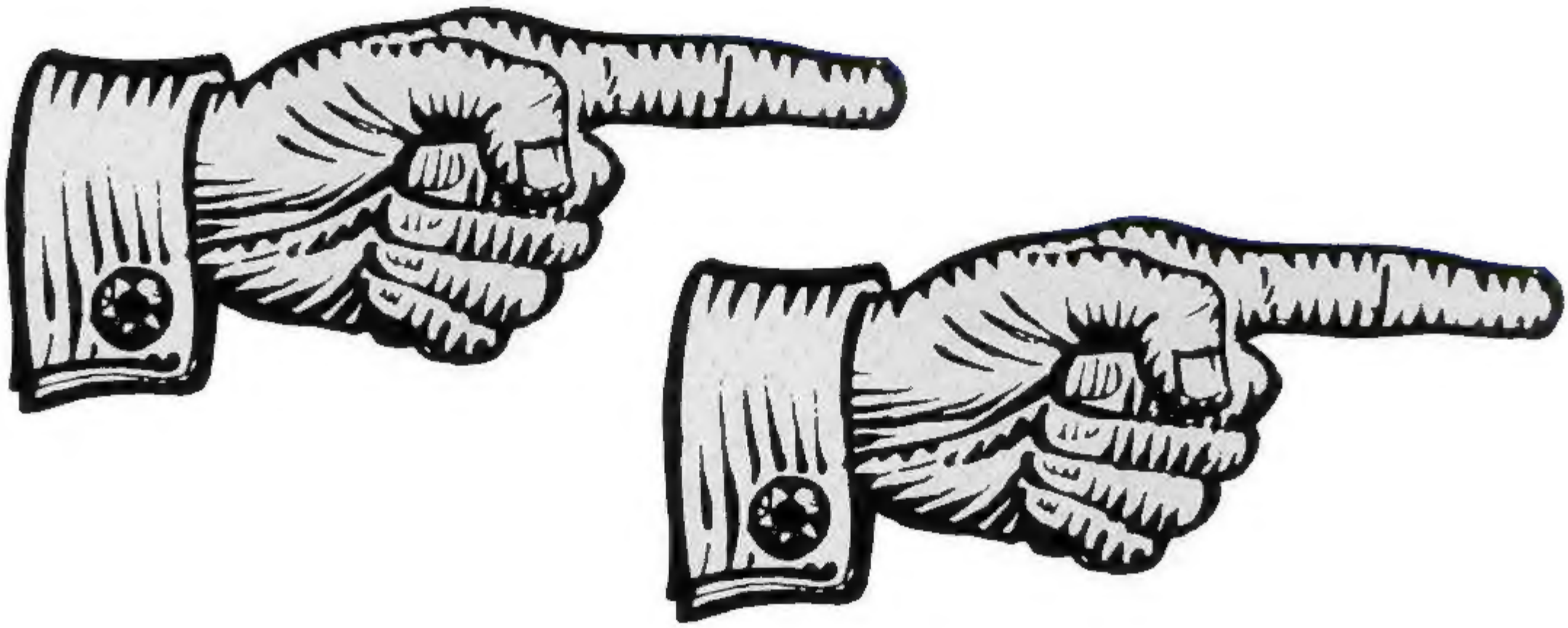
You're right! An accident would be much neater!

Gulp!! Maybe Ah'd be better off if'n Ah'd jest let him shoot me!

Wal, at least Ah'll die with mah boots on, even if th' "stampede" is only a fork-lift truck!
If only Ah had a stretch of rope t' make a lassoo!
Hey! There yuh go!
GOTCHA!
We're from the Hong Kong Police! Nobody move! YAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Uh . . . Chief, it's the Hong Kong Police! I—I'm afraid it's bad news!
Did something happen to McClod?
No, to the Hong Kong Police! McClod wiped out half the Police Force with a runaway fork-life truck!
Hi, y'all! Wal, Chief, Ah'm ready fer my next assignment!
McClod, you're a menace to Police Forces the world over! You're not even going back to the Meter Maids! You're going to sit behind a desk and address invitations to the Policeman's ball till you retire!
Congratulations, Chief! You and the Marshal did such a great job busting The Hong Kong Connection that I've decided to reward you both!
Commissioner, you kin reward me by sendin' me back t' the wide open spaces of Tacos! I jest ain't the desk jockey type!
Grant him that, Sir, and you can consider that as MY reward, too!
Forget it! I've already rewarded McClod, by having him transferred to New York City PERMANENTLY!
. . . and since his unorthodox Western methods have proven so effective, I felt that a squad made up entirely of Cowboys would be a great way to fight crime in this Precinct! Chief Cliffhead . . . meet your new Police Department . . .
Hey, there yuh go!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT NEW DEVELOPMENT HAS GREATLY IMPROVED HIGHWAY SAFETY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Through the years, science has searched desperately for a method to reduce the terrible casualty toll on our nation's highways. Recently, however, a radical new development accomplished the job. To find out what it is, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT NEW DEVELOPMENT HAS GREATLY IMPROVED HIGHWAY SAFETY?

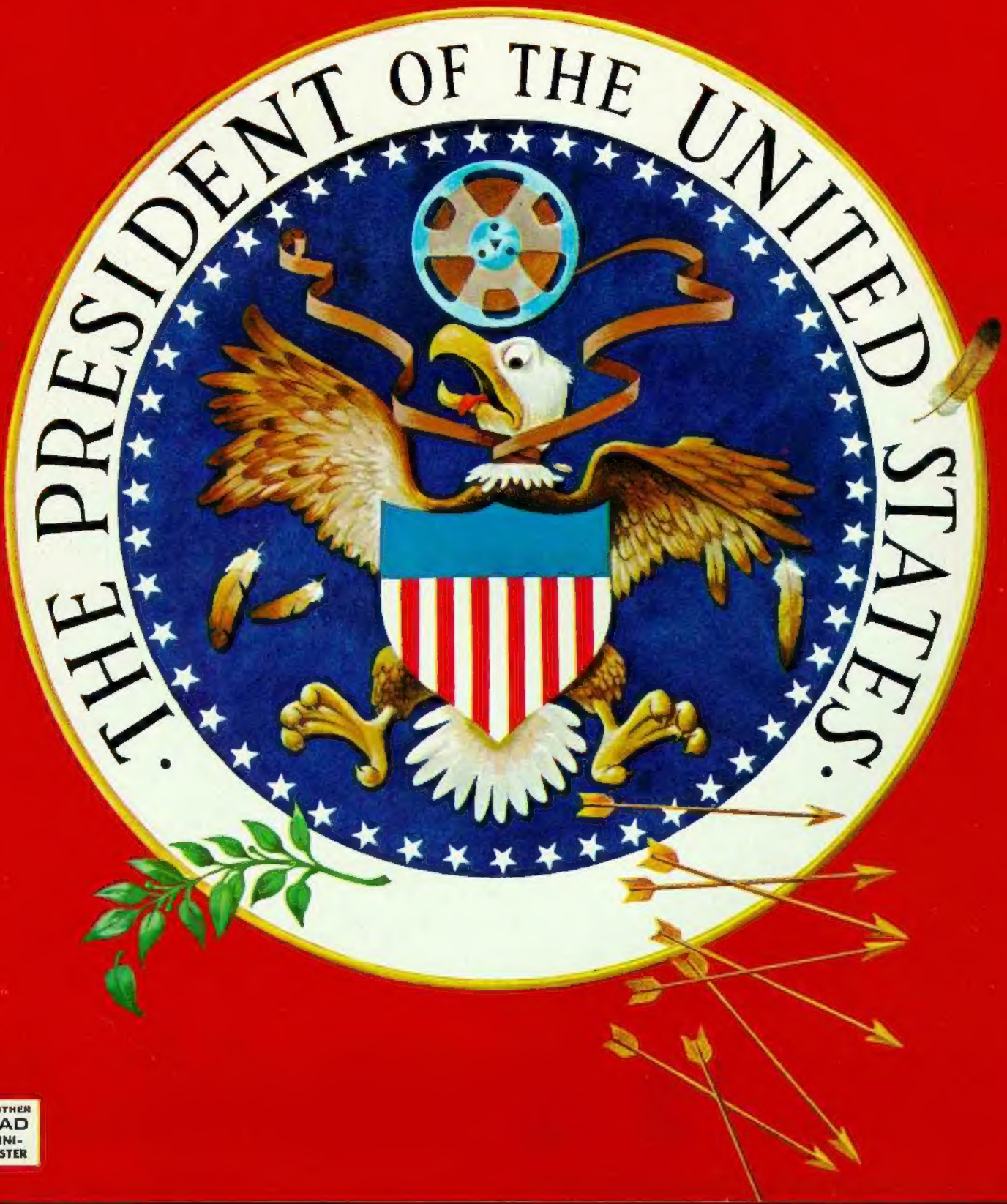
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶◀B

SAVE THE EAGLE!



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE IDEA BY FRANK JACOBS

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER